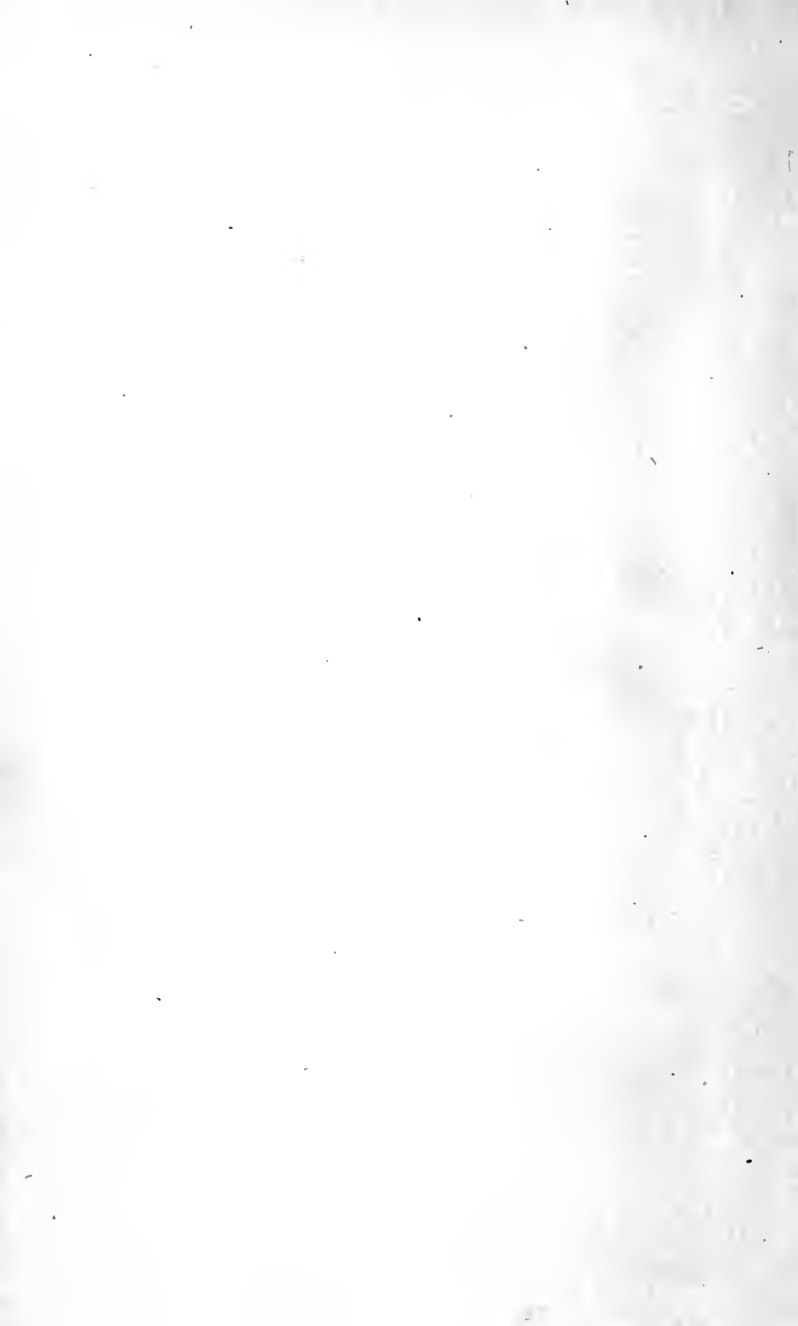


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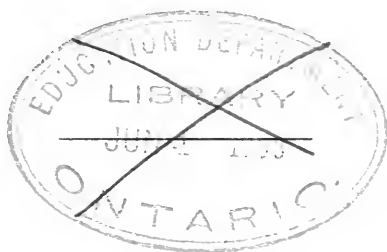




ETHICAL ADDRESSES.

EIGHTH SERIES.

LECTURES GIVEN BEFORE THE AMERICAN
ETHICAL SOCIETIES.



PHILADELPHIA :

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1901.



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PRESS OF INNES & SONS, PHILADELPHIA



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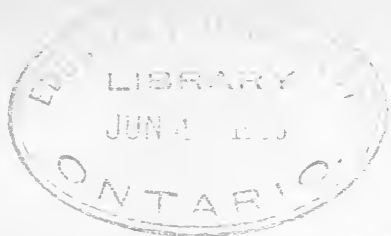
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OUR HOPES FOR HUMANITY IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.*

ADDRESS BY EDWIN D. MEAD.

My hope for the world, as the twentieth century opens, is coincident with my hope for democracy. Can the people of this world govern themselves well? That is the question which most concerns us in this republic, and which most concerns the world; because, well or ill, the people from now on are to govern themselves. Democracy seems to me to be gaining ground so fast, that I think the time has almost come to cease to discuss whether it ought to come or not, but to accept it as a great fact that is upon us like an avalanche, and to ask ourselves how we can guide it and how we can enlighten it. Wherever we look upon the world, there we see the great striving for democracy. Where it has not yet come—in Spain, in Italy, in Germany, in Russia—there we see the great struggle and throbbing of people pushing towards it. And to-day, in the most autocratic countries of the world, Kaisers, Czars and Chancellors listen to note what the great popular impulses are—what public opinion is—and trim their policies to that.

And this great movement of democracy, as we understand it, began here. Our own poet, Lowell, has said that,

* Addresses by Edwin D. Mead and Felix Adler, before the Society for Ethical Culture, New York, Sunday, January 6, 1901.

"Next to the company of fugitives whom Moses led out of Egypt, the little company of outcasts who landed on Plymouth Rock two and a half centuries ago were destined to influence the future of the world." Why? Because they were the vanguard of great colonies, coming here into a virgin world to rear States founded upon the principle of self-government. A German scholar, echoing his word, said only yesterday, that the events of modern history may almost be said to get their characterization according as we may relate them in one way or another to the voyage of the Mayflower—to that first coming of men to build States in this new world. And when you study the ideals of those colonists—the first colonists, as our poet said again, who ever in the world's history went forth "not to seek gold, but to seek God"—when you study the Puritan, the Quaker, you are impressed, as never before in human history, with the great visions which they had, visions of men in revolutionary political creation.

Yet democracy, as we understand it—our American democracy—came into real control here only a century ago. As this old century passes into the new, we are observing the centennial of the passage from old to new in the political doctrines and directions in America. It was one hundred years ago that Thomas Jefferson became President of the United States, and it was settled that the People, in deed and in truth, should directly control the machinery of this nation. When one goes back and reads the political literature of one hundred years ago, when he studies this new Republic which was being born, he is impressed by many things that are not noble, that are not cheering. He sees an endless, dreary continent stretching off into the west, which the most sanguine of men believed

could hardly be conquered within generations or centuries. He sees dreadful vulgarity in masses of the people—vulgarity that did not lessen, but that grew for a generation, so that Dickens's picture was scarcely overdrawn, or was anything which we should resent. It was natural. There was excuse, at least, that men—poets of no insight, like Thomas Moore, who came to live among us, should write as he did; and that poets of real insight, like Wordsworth, who did not live with us but once cherished the hope that he might do so, should write on the strength of what he heard about us of the vulgarity of it all, of the disappointment of it to his ideal nature, and speak of the new republic as a place where "big passions strutted on a petty stage." But through all the vulgarity, through all the cheerlessness and sadness, through all the buncombe, there was—it touches us in every page of the record, it touches us in every leading democrat—the great vision. There was a sense of the high task, and there was the stirring sense of equality to the task, of capacity for it. Although the kings, although the poets, although the philosophers of Europe did not see what it meant, a thousand peasants saw it; their vision stretched beyond the Atlantic to see mountains of hope. All those men, Jefferson, Gallatin and the rest, who came into control here a hundred years ago on the wave of democracy, felt, with a superb faith, that through this experiment tyrannies were to be overthrown, and that war was to have its check in this world. If there was to be competition, it was to be not on the field of battle, but in the field of industry. There was to be a new economy which should shame the economy of Europe, and put money to wise and real and constructive purposes.

Now what is all this but saying that Democracy, that America, one hundred years ago, meant Opportunity? That was what our greatest idealist said it meant. Ralph Waldo Emerson was born just as the century began—in 1803; and I like to remember that his life was overlapped by at least a single year, by that of the greatest philosopher, the greatest thinker of modern times, whose keyword (as Emerson's was Opportunity) was Obligation, was Duty. Immanuel Kant died one year after Emerson was born; and my hope for democracy has basis, it has confidence and wings, just when I believe that the sense of obligation, for which Kant stands, always overlaps the vision of opportunity, which Emerson had. Opportunity is what America has meant. The problem of Democracy now is whether democracy, with its opportunity and vision and sentiment, will rise to a definite sense of duty; and whether this immense new power shall be used for the upbuilding of democracy itself, and for the progress and upbuilding of the world.

It is an old Latin word, I think, which Jefferson himself used to repeat, "Wherever Liberty is, there is my country"—a word which emphasized his consciousness of his fellow-citizenship with all men who had risen to the broad democratic vision, and the democratic privilege. It was a nobler word, it seems to me, in which Thomas Paine responded, "Wherever Liberty is not, there is my country," emphasizing his consciousness of his fellow-citizenship with all men who had need of him, with all men struggling for better things, with all men not yet risen to high privilege. The question with us is whether we shall claim fellow-citizenship simply with those who are

our equals, simply with those in this little, or big, democratic trust with us; or whether we shall use this democracy, this titanic new power, to make ourselves fellow-citizens and fellow-helpers of all men.

The problem of the past has been, How shall we get good kings?—because the kings did rule. The problem of the present, and of the future is, How shall we get good people? If the people are to rule, how shall we have royal people—people so trained in heart and mind, in conscience and in will, that they can rule this world in better than a kingly way? For the time has come, I have implied, when public opinion is becoming king. Public Opinion! It is no longer the Senate; it is no longer, even in the Republic, the President; it is no longer, in England, the King; it is Public Opinion which is becoming the governor of the world. The magistrate, as the world becomes more and more enlightened, becomes a less and less imperative officer; and the platform, the pulpit, the press, the school, the organs and agencies of public opinion, become the true governors of the world. We have said, and we have sometimes salved our consciences and taken a certain Pharisaic pride as democrats in saying, that the wars in this world were brought on by kingly men for kingly interests, and that the people were but their instruments in their bad game. That has ceased to be true. We can say that but little longer. Kings are becoming slight and ineffective agencies in the bringing on and carrying on of wars; wars, or whatsoever policies hereafter control the world, are policies for which the people, for which public opinion, is responsible. We can none of us any longer hide behind any imperial regalias of excuse our sins or our misdoings. Do we right or wrong, the responsibility

is ours ; and when men come to recognize that, when they come to see that that is the status of the world, then they have come to the status and the responsibility of kingship.

The question is, then, as concerning Democracy, will it make itself the servant of all? I have said that Democracy, as we define it, is a modern thing ; that it began here, —that from here it is spreading through the world. We speak as scholars of Greek democracy ; but there never was a Greek democracy. There was a privileged class at Athens, and in this Greek city and that ; but it was a privileged class, with an equality among its privileged members, which rested upon the labor and the suffering and the subjugation of thousands of men. The complaint that has been made again and again in England and elsewhere where the great coöperative societies have been formed, which promised so much and were welcomed so heartily, is that the corporation is always under the temptation to resolve itself into a little privileged trust, and that the coöperative society simply becomes a competitor with the rest of the world. Selfishness is selfishness, whether it be the selfishness of the individual man, or the selfishness of the incorporated man. It has become proverbial that the corporation has no soul. There is always the danger, in democracy, as in every other form of social and political life, that selfishness may spread precisely as organization grows. The corporation of the State may lose its soul like any other corporation. Socialism might easily become despotic. A great democracy may become a bandit among the nations.

Whether democracy shall be a blessing to the world depends entirely on what ideals it is inspired by and how far it has risen to a conception of its function. We need

to consider that in this country to-day in relation to many things which have been our ideals, and which we are so willing and often so glad to misunderstand and misapply. We are talking at this very day, in connection with proposed policies in this continent, of our old Monroe Doctrine. I suppose that we all, on a proper basis, reverence that old Monroe Doctrine. But what did it mean? It was a doctrine evoked and formulated by John Quincy Adams and James Monroe, not in behalf of selfishness, but in behalf of freedom and liberty—the democratic progress of the world. They said, "Upon this continent, dedicated to freedom, we will stand by every State which aspires for freedom, and will see that it has a fair chance, and that it shall not be subjugated by any form of despotism." But it is a common thing to see that doctrine invoked in the interests of selfishness and greed; and it becomes us everyone to remember, whatever is true or whatever is false in this and kindred doctrines which America is tempted to-day to invoke for her political purposes—that what was true in 1823 has ceased to be true to-day; that for political purposes there are no longer two hemispheres in this world; that this is to-day one round world; that the ocean is no longer a barrier, but a bridge; and that this Republic has no duties, no responsibilities, and no rights concerning Venezuela, or Uruguay, or Paraguay, which it does not have concerning Holland, or Greece, or Japan. Such are the things which we need to remember; and it is according as a man rises to a sense of his relation to the whole world to-day, and measures his citizenship by universal obligation, that he rises to the measure of the stature of the true American democrat. Internationalism—that is the one word which we need to

emphasize to-day, when we ask ourselves concerning the hopes and concerning the duties of Democracy. I have hope of Democracy. I have hope of the American democracy, in just so far as I have hope, as I have trust, that it will not live for itself—its selfish self, but will know itself as a true servant, a true brother in the great family of nations.

I spoke the other day with one of the noble men who was on our Commission last summer at the Peace Conference at The Hague; and he told me that in those anxious early days of that conference, when men from Germany and Austria and elsewhere were adopting a tone which showed that they looked upon that great gathering as something from which little was to be expected—as something which was to end in a sort of evaporation, or declamation of virtue—that it was said to some of those people, by a representative of the United States, that the United States had come there in earnest, and that from now on the United States meant to make itself a power for peace and international justice in this world, which was not to be trifled with. And yet I heard with sorrow that one of the greatest sources of our influence in that Congress was the fact that we had come off victors in a war; that we had failed by all the rest that we had done—by our democratic, moral and ideal strivings in the world—had failed to impress Europe with a sense of our power in a hundred years, as we had impressed them by battering down a few Spanish ships and a few old Spanish forts. If America is indeed to be “a power not to be trifled with” for peace and for justice in this world, then it must be because she can impress upon the world her influence and her power in behalf of con-

structive and ideal things. Let us all highly resolve, let us all highly consecrate ourselves at the beginning of this new century, to the determination that this republic, this democracy, shall be a power not to be trifled with, in behalf of liberty, in behalf of equality, in behalf of fraternity in this world.

It was in many respects a cheerless continent, it was certainly a poor country, that to which Thomas Jefferson came in 1801. It has become a great, wealthy, powerful nation. The wealth of this city in which we are gathered is almost infinite as compared with the whole wealth of the Republic to whose presidency Thomas Jefferson came. Our power, our possibility in the world is infinite. But what is our vision?—what is our vision? Does this American democracy, in its immense wealth, in its higher culture, in its greater privilege, throb as the democracy of Thomas Jefferson and Albert Gallatin throbbed at its large new opportunity and its high new imperative? Where there is no vision the people perish. Where there is no vision the people perish! Can we carry the visions of our youth into the strength of our manhood? Can we carry, from the day of little things into the day of great things—into the time when great combinations and great movements become easy—can we carry those broad and noble visions which actuated the fathers?

I have spoken upon the coincidence by which the death of Kant and the birth of Emerson almost touched each other: Obligation touching Opportunity! I remember that strong word of Kant's, "Thou canst, because thou shalt"—because thou ought, because thou must; and I remember that it was precisely he who said that America

meant Opportunity, who sang that strong word, put it into its noblest form:

“So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, ‘Thou must,’
The youth replies, ‘I can.’”

I have hope in Democracy because I feel that the imperative that is laid upon it is so divine, so sublime and so awful. We cannot fail because we must not. I ask you to remember that beautiful word in one of the gospel stories, when two of the apostles had begged that in the kingdom of heaven they might sit the one upon the right and the other upon the left hand of the Son of Man, Jesus said to the apostles, “Are you able to be baptized with the baptism wherewith I am baptized?” And how sublime and inspiring was the confident reply, “We are able.” We are able! The hope of democracy rests upon whether we are able to share the vision of our poets and our prophets and to be true to that. I believe that, whatever the temptations from our growing luxury, whatever the temptations from greed, from avarice and political corruption, from all the sins and dangers that beset us—I believe that the American people, in their heart of hearts, have that vision; that they listen to that solemn command, and that from a million hearts to-day, in the presence of the temptations and complications and new problems which ask us so searchingly whether we are able to keep the republic in the century to come true to the lofty principles of our prophets a century ago,—when the question is put, there comes up the high response: We are able! We are able, because we dare not be disobedient unto the heavenly vision.

ADDRESS BY FELIX ADLER.

WHEN the twentieth century ends and the twenty-first dawns, not one of us will be here; other actors will fill our places. Yet that is no reason why we should not take an absorbing interest in all that the century may bring—in all the gifts which it may have in store, not for us as individuals, but for mankind—since we have the capacity of identifying ourselves with the world. “Where the vision fades, the people perish;” and by that word “vision” is meant not only the things which we have the power to see in vision respecting our own future, but the unselfish vision—the vision of the things that we hope and wish for, for the human race, the race which on this morning of the new century we take close to our hearts—feeling ourselves one with it. That is the consecration of this secular turning-point of time.

Forecasts of the future, indeed, are idle and presumptuous. The future is incalculable. The issues which it has in its keeping, are wrapped in secrecy and silence; but the expression of hope is not idle or presumptuous, for hope is the offspring of desire; and desire for a thing is one of the factors—often not the least potent—in creating the thing desired. The previous speaker has confined his attention chiefly to the future of democracy. I want to cut a wider swath. I ask first, what are the gifts that we may hope at the hand of Science, in the coming century? Shall we wish that the problem of aerial navigation be solved in the coming century,—that we shall be able to sail this ocean of air as we now sail the ocean of water, braving the storms in their homes, moving through space with the wings and the freedom of birds?

Shall we wish that Astronomy (for there are those who dream such dreams) may be able to put us into communication with the inhabitants of distant celestial bodies (if there be such), and may bridge the gulfs of space that separate us from our cosmic neighbors? Shall we wish for more practical things: that Medicine, the science and the art of it, may succeed in curing those diseases which are still incurable; may drive the Angel of Death from the couch of the consumptive; may rekindle the blackened torch of reason in the mind of the insane? Shall we wish that Chemistry may discover new supplies of food in order to feed the ever-increasing populations of the earth, or new supplies of energy in case coal and other fuel fail us? The list, as I say, is endless, and we shall choose according to our preferences; and of course I do not presume to prescribe to anyone.

But if I am to express my own *highest* hope, it is imposed upon me by such considerations as these: that thus far, Science has succeeded in promoting the material interests of mankind and greatly advancing the intellectual interests; but that, on the whole, it has provisionally injured the spiritual interests of mankind. It could not help doing so; there is no blame attached to the scientists; but, provisionally, its gain in other directions has been attended by loss in this direction. Almost every inch of territory which it has gained has been wrested from the realm of spiritual truth; and the beliefs, the conceptions of the universe which Science has proposed, are not the conceptions of the universe which the men who struggle and suffer and succumb, and would rise again, need. Read Thomas Huxley's letters to Kingsley, if you would realize how far the conceptions of the universe, as entertained by men

of science, are from being adequate to the needs of the men and the women who have fallen and would rise again.

There are certain beliefs by which the world has lived. In the old form they have become untenable. Philosophy and Science have demonstrated that they are, in that form, untenable; but in some form they must re-arise, because men must live by them. So my hope for Science is that the delusion as if, because Science has succeeded in reducing to physical explanations much that formerly was supposed to be of spiritual origin and incapable of being physically explained, therefore all things once deemed of spiritual origin are of physical origin—that there is nothing which cannot be explained in terms of antecedent conditions—my highest hope, with respect to science, is that this delusion may be dissipated, that it may push these physical explanations to the utmost limit, so that it may consciously touch its limit. The spiritual truths will rise in all the clearer vision beyond the scientific boundaries. In this way the progress of Science would be of the utmost final usefulness. By eliminating from religion much that seemed to be spiritual, but was physical, by pushing the physical explanations as far as they can go, Science will render the highest and greatest service of cleansing spiritual truth of all that is unspiritual, and thus will cause it to be apprehended and grasped in its finest and highest essence.

And, secondly, what is our highest wish with respect to religion itself? since science has thus led us up to religion. Why, the highest wish and hope that I can express to-day is that those of us who believe, who seek for religious faith, who ask the question, "The divine Life, the Power that makes for righteousness—how shall we once

more gain a realizing assurance of the existence of such a Life, of such a Power?"—my best wish for these is that they may clearly understand the evidences of the existence of a Divine Life or Power in the world, that they may give up all attempts to find any trace of God in the external universe, and may confine themselves solely to the study of the soul of man—of the inner spiritual experience of man. The only bases of induction that will carry us skyward, deityward, are certain facts that may be found in the spiritual life of man. Only after the inference has been deduced thence, can it be extended in a secondary and derivative way so as to cover the external world. It cannot be drawn from the external world, and it is misleading to look in that direction. Revelation, which was once esteemed to be the sign of that higher Power—the self-revelation of that Power, the drawing aside of the curtains that shrouded it from view, the manifesting of itself to favored men, prophets and seers—that revelation, and the story of it, is better than a myth. We cannot pin our faith to any such self-manifestation. The marks of a designing hand which were once given as the proof of the existence of a Divine Power, have been discredited by Darwinism and the new theories of evolution. There is evidence of order in the world, but there is evidence also of the lack of order, of chaos, or what seems so; evidence of the adaptation of means to ends, evidence also of the lack of such adaptation. There are signs of progress, but also of retrogression, and who will guarantee us that the progress which we see is certain to continue? There is evidence of beneficence in the world, and evidence of what seems like the malevolence of a fiend; there are con-

trivances so cruel as seem to have for their sole object to bring about the greatest possible suffering of sentient beings. And those who rely upon the evidence of the external world can only throw up their hands in despair and say, "Good on one side—evil on the other, and no one sufficiently wise to square the accounts, or to predict which of the two shall prevail." We may scrutinize the outer world as much as we please. We may question the heaving seas and the blowing winds, and the silent lights that stud the canopy of night, as much as we please, and they will give no satisfying answer. Only "in your own heart, only on your own lips," only in man himself, can the answer be found.

Man alone is the evidence of a divine life in the world, because man alone exhibits qualities which are so exalted that we may by them be justified in inferring that the primal cause which produced man and such qualities as we see in him, must be infinitely great and holy and good beyond even our power to measure. Man alone loves, thinks, strives for perfection. The excellence in man is the narrow, but sufficient basis of induction from which we may carry our inferences skyward and deity-ward. The excellent life that was led by Jesus of Nazareth became the chief argument whereon was founded a new religion. The sweet, noble, lovely qualities that you discover in the one whom you love best, are for you proof that the world is not bad at heart. How can it be bad, such a being having come forth out of the fount of life? It is the excellence with which you are in touch that thrills you, that is the proof to you of a fund of excellence in things, of which he—she—is to you the witness and the interpreter. And what grander definition can we have of love? How

infinitely does it rise above mere passion, if we realize this sweetest, divinest meaning of love, namely, that the beloved is the witness to us, and the interpreter of the Infinite, and of the infinite excellence in things.

And so, if we look back at all the good and fine elements of humanity—the best—that have been the props of the world's blind and tottering faith, and look forward to the new century, and to a resurrection of religion in it, our hope must be that there shall be a wider crop of this excellence. For out of the life alone do we draw the inference as to the spiritual truths. There is a story that a spark of the Divine Fire, in ancient days, fell into the sea, and that this accounts for its restless motion, its never-ceasing seething and surging. Surely it is more true to say that a spark of the divine fire fell into the breast of man. It burns in his veins; it fills his heart, now with scorching pain, now with a genial heat; it mounts to his brain and kindles his intellectual powers, and sets his soul ablaze; and in the sheen from that inner light alone do we catch glimpses of the eternal verities at the heart of things. When that light burns high in us, we have faith; when it burns low, we have no faith.

And now, lastly, what shall be our highest hope touching the moral development, and especially the social and economic development of mankind in the coming century? The political has been touched upon by the previous speaker, the moral is closely identified with the social and the economic; have we a word to say regarding the latter?

In this morning's newspapers, the Marquis of Salisbury is quoted as saying that the members of his party must address themselves with all their power and energy to the

problem of doing away with that scandal of civilization, the suffering of the working-classes in the matter of inadequate and pitiful house accommodation. Who that has a heart not of stone, who that knows the hardships which this Premier of England refers to, who that knows the sufferings of the multitude—beings like you and me, and constituting the majority of mankind—will not, in his inner soul, frame some such wishes for them? Who is so impiously selfish as to say, "I am well off. I give my attention solely to other matters—the lot of those multitudes does not touch me"?

The New Century waits, and asks us what are our hopes. We have hopes for Science—that Science may push to the limits of the physical explanation, and per contrast, make all the plainer that there is also the physically inexplicable. We have hopes that by increasing the excellence among men, there may come a new birth of religion in the world. And have we nothing to say, nothing else, no word for our fellow-beings—the great masses? Surely we shall wish that the new century may bring about what the English Prime Minister has asked for:—that the masses of men may be better housed; that these plague spots of our modern civilization, the overcrowded tenements, may be abolished;—that they may be better fed, better nourished; that physical degeneration and arrested development may no longer furnish the soil in which crime luxuriates. Surely we shall wish that infant mortality may no longer mow down its thousands and tens of thousands, in the quarters where poverty dwells; that poverty, at least of the desperate sort, may become preventable and be prevented. Surely we shall wish that machinery, which has to so large an extent displaced

skilled labor, and converted the artisan into a drudge, may, by the very completeness of its triumph, steadily decrease the number of such drudges needed, and that new forms of labor may be evolved, which shall employ the intelligence and the taste as well as the muscle of the workman; so that it may be possible for the workman again to invest the whole man in his work, as in the golden days of the crafts of old. Surely, also, we shall wish that so long as there are these vast aggregations of superfluous wealth in the hands of the few, so vast and so superfluous that the owners themselves know not what to do with it all; that this fast accumulating wealth may become like the stored-up waters of a reservoir, to be returned with the utmost expedition consistent with a judicious distribution, to the bosom of society, in order that wealth may abound where the dearth of it is greatest.

Yet there are those, I fancy, among my hearers, who feel that thus far I have omitted to express their highest hope; who, if they were in my place, would add, May the new century bring about the nationalization of the land, or the socialization of the instruments of production; and who will be content with nothing that falls short of these. I must frankly admit that I have plain misgivings as to the desirability of any of the particular schemes that have yet been proposed, and I do not here intend to dwell upon any scheme whatsoever. I cannot put my trust in these. But if I am to formulate my own highest hope for the working classes, it is that they may take a new view (some of them do take it, the majority do not) of their mission. Their mission, the goal of their struggles, as I see it, is not slowly to secure for themselves, in part or in whole, those advantages which the few already possess;

but rather to secure for themselves, and to bestow on us advantages which no one yet possesses. Their highest mission, as I see it, is to work out a new type of morality; and their success in doing that is at once the condition and the reward of their struggle. Not the better houses, not the food, not the greater share of the material blessings in the world will be their reward, but the working out of a new type of morality, not for themselves alone, but for the world. If they are to rise, they can only do so on the condition that they raise us all with them.

The lords, the barons, the aristocracy of former days, won their way chiefly by physical prowess; the middle class won its way largely by intellectual qualities. The working class, I am persuaded, will win its way neither by physical force nor chiefly by intellectual qualities, but by the development among themselves, and for the world, of new moral qualities. And what are those moral qualities? They are the qualities necessary, nay indispensable, to concerted action on a large scale. No wonder coöperation fails, since concerted action on a large scale presupposes moral qualities such as the world has not yet produced; and it is the mission of the working classes to produce these qualities. What are they? A sense of mutual dependence. Each of the units singly being weak, only the power of coherence makes them irresistible; a sense of solidarity, a willingness to sacrifice self to the good of the whole. Beyond all this, there must be a *new loyalty*, a glad recognition of genius, of superiority; for earth's great masses will stumble blindly and will fail unless they are guided by men of superior ability—yes, by men of genius. And the men of genius will not come and will not guide unless they are welcome; unless, when

they arise, they meet with a ready devotion and willingness to follow. Let there be, not a false equality, but a fine sense of submission and subordination to what is great—to the great exceptional powers of the God-given leaders, who are commissioned by nature; let there be a willingness to follow these and to allow a free rein to their talent, on the condition always that leadership give an account of itself to those whom it seeks to benefit, that it be subject to control. This, then, is my vision for the masses—that they may come to look upon those who have and possess, not with envious eyes, saying, “Oh! that we were equal to you; that we had what you have!” No! but that they may look upon themselves as destined to be, in the best sense—in the moral sense, the givers, the bestowers. And if it be true that the demand creates the supply, that the need creates the power, then this exigent need of the masses of mankind for new powers should create these new powers—should give them this new and loftier type of moral thinking and acting; and the stone which the builders rejected some day should become the chief cornerstone.

Let us nourish hope in our hearts. Hope sends out its watch-light over the dark gray sea, and shows us the course that we must steer. Hope helps us to dissipate the mists of depression that settle like heavy fogs upon our inner world. Hope teaches us to defy the withering touch of old age, and keeps us ever young. As we pass across the threshold of the twentieth century, let the word upon our lips be Hope!

CONFUCIUS AND MENCIAUS.*

BY HIS EXCELLENCY, WU TING-FANG.

TWENTY-FOUR centuries have rolled by since Confucius walked this earth. His influence is as great to-day among his countrymen as it ever was before. Never was his name held in greater veneration than it is now. Throughout the length and breadth of the Chinese Empire, everywhere are temples erected to his memory. Every schoolboy acknowledges him as the supreme teacher of the Chinese race. His spirit pervades a nation of four hundred millions, and his word is recognized as law to the most august emperor on the throne as well as to the meanest peasant at the plough. Thus is Confucius enthroned in the hearts of his countrymen.

Confucius was born in or about 551 B. C., at a small place known then as Tsau, in the kingdom of Lu, which occupied at that time the southwestern portion of the present province of Shantung. He came of royal stock, and is said to have directly descended from Wei-tsz, a cousin to the last ruler of the Yin dynasty, who had the wisdom to foresee the approaching downfall that would overtake the royal house by reason of the cruelties and debaucheries of that monarch, and fled with the family Lares and Penates to a place of safety, before the crash came. The father of Confucius was Shuh-liang Hoh. This worthy man was a high official in the kingdom of

* An Address by the Chinese Minister before the Society for Ethical Culture of Philadelphia, Sunday, January 27, 1901.

Lu. By his first wife he had nine children—all daughters. He married again, and his second wife bore him a son, who was unfortunately a cripple. After he had already passed his sixtieth year, he sought the hand of one of the daughters of the Yen family, and succeeded in winning the youngest, whose name was Ch'eng-tsai. Out of this union between May and December, sprang Confucius. Very little is known of the sage's childhood and boyhood. When he was three years old, his father died, and he was left to the care of his mother, who seems to have taken whole charge of his early training. When he was six or seven years old, he began to show the natural bend of his mind for serious things. While other boys were running and jumping, he would amuse himself with playing at performing religious ceremonies and arranging make-believe sacrificial vessels in their proper places. He early evinced a passionate love for study. It was not long before the fame of his learning spread beyond the limits of his native state, and disciples flocked to him from all quarters. At thirty-six, he began to travel from kingdom to kingdom in the hope of finding some ruler who would put his political and social theories in practice. His learning and station secured for him a hearing at every court. But he met with more or less opposition wherever he went. It was not till he had passed his two-score years and ten, that he succeeded in obtaining a position high enough in the state to exert a powerful influence in public affairs. For three years, he held the post of prime minister in the kingdom of Lu, and availed himself of the opportunity to introduce many salutary reforms in the public service. He restored order in the kingdom. He enforced obedience to rightful authority, and punished in-

subordination with rigor. He made the kingdom of Lu over which he ruled prosperous and tranquil at home, and feared and respected abroad. So eminently successful was the practical application of his ideas to the government of a kingdom, that the rapidity with which Lu rose to a position of power in the family of states soon excited the fear and envy of its neighbors, chief among which was the kingdom of Ts'i. Schemes were concocted to undermine the sage's influence and authority in his own state. The king of Lu was known to be a prince indolent by nature and fond of pleasure. The chief men of Ts'i put their heads together, and decided upon a unique plan of campaign. They ransacked the whole kingdom for dancing and singing girls, and selected eighty of the most beautiful ones out of the lot. These, decked out in gorgeous silks, were despatched with sixty spans of richly caparisoned horses as a present to the king of Lu. When this strange mission reached the south gate of Lu's capital city, the singing girls and the caparisoned horses were so disposed as to present as alluring a sight as possible. A favorite of the king stole out of the city three times to view the exhibition, and then induced his master to go and see it. The king was charmed with the beautiful display and it did not take him long to lose all interest in affairs of state. For three days he could not spare time from his new amusements even to give audiences to his ministers for the transaction of public business. This was more than Confucius could stand. Accordingly, he left the demoralized court in disgust. Thus, it seems, even the wisdom of Confucius had to acknowledge defeat at the hand of beauty. From henceforth Confucius led a restless life, journeying from kingdom to kingdom and

visiting court after court. He called himself a "man of the east, west, north, and south," that is, a cosmopolite. Wherever he went, he was received generally with consideration, and sometimes with curiosity. Nor were his peregrinations unspiced with excitement or danger.

One day as he was approaching the city of Kuang on his way to the principality of Ch'en, one of the followers who bore him company, pointing with the whip in his hand to a breach in the city wall, said: "I once entered this city through that breach." Someone overheard this remark, and reported it to the governor of the place. It happened that some years before a Lu commander attacked the city and made a breach in the walls. So strikingly similar in personal appearance was Confucius to that commander that the inhabitants of Kuang mistook the sage for the warrior. For five days Confucius and his disciples were surrounded and held practically as prisoners by the excited populace. Even in this extremity, he did not lose his characteristic balance of mind. When he saw his disciples begin to show signs of despair, he calmed them with these words: "Now that Wen Wang (the founder of the Chow dynasty) is dead, am I not the embodiment of his culture? If Heaven should permit this culture to perish, then posterity would be deprived of the benefits of this culture. If Heaven would not permit this culture to perish, what harm could the people of Kuang do to me?" This sublime confidence in the protection of Heaven is worthy of note. Then Confucius took out his lute, and played upon it. To the sound of its music, he sang a doleful song. Thus he revealed his identity. The mob then dispersed, and allowed him to go his way without further molestation.

On another occasion, while Confucius and his disciples were going through certain ceremonies under a large tree, Huan Tui, one of the chief men of the place, who had taken offense at some of Confucius' remarks, sought to lay hands on the sage, and put him to death. Fortunately, Confucius got word of the proposed attempt upon his life just in time to make good his escape. When Huan Tui arrived and found his intended victim gone, he was furious, and vented his anger upon the tree that had given shelter to Confucius, by ordering his men to cut it down. In the meantime, the disciples of Confucius urged their master to hasten his flight. All that Confucius said was: "Heaven has endowed me with virtues. What have I to fear from Huan Tui?" He seemed to have a firm belief that he was under the special protection of Heaven.

But there was one journey in his travels, which he could not refer to afterwards, without recalling its hardships. It was the journey from the principality of Chen to the kingdom of Ch'u. He had just received an invitation to visit the court of Ch'u, a kingdom whose boundaries coincided very nearly with those of the present provinces of Hupeh and Hunan. In order to reach that kingdom, he had to pass through the principality of Chen. The chief men of Chen were fearful lest he might call them to account for their misdeeds, in case he should gain the ear of so powerful a prince as the ruler of Ch'u. Consequently, they gathered together their retainers and followers, and surrounded Confucius with his disciples in a wild spot with the view of preventing him from going to Ch'u. For seven days the travelers could get no food. Some of them became so faint with hunger that they could not muster strength enough to stand up. Even in this

plight Confucius did not give up his daily lectures, or discontinue his singing and playing on the lute. "What," exclaimed Tsz Lu, the most hot-headed of his disciples, in undisguised indignation, "is it possible that even a superior man is driven to extremities?" Confucius answered: "A superior man controls himself in extremities, but a mean man in such circumstances will give loose to his passions." At last, Confucius succeeded in apprising the king of Ch'u of his danger. The king at once despatched a large force to the spot, and rescued the hard-pressed sage from his perilous situation.

There are also many instructive incidents in the journeyings of Confucius, worthy of note. One evening, as he was passing along the foot of the Tai Mountain in Shantung, his attention was attracted by the sobs and cries of a woman evidently in distress. He stopped to ask her what the matter was. "First, my father," said she, "was killed by a tiger; then my husband was killed after him; and now my son has just been killed." "Why," asked Confucius, "why do you not leave this place?" "Because," answered the woman, "there are no oppressive laws here." Confucius was much moved, and, turning to his disciples, said: "Remember this, my little children, oppressive laws are more terrible than tigers."

It appears that Confucius made his journeys not on foot but in a carriage. As he himself put it, inasmuch as he had filled the position of minister of state, it was not consonant with his personal dignity to go about on foot. It is not known whether he always took a guide with him or not. At any rate, he once lost his way in an unfrequented part of the country. He did not know for some time which way to turn. At length, he espied at a dis-

tance two men digging and hoeing in the field. He held the reins, and sent Tsz Lu, who happened to be with him at that time, to inquire for the ford. One of the men looked up from his work on the approach of Tsz Lu, and, instead of answering the inquiry made of him, asked in return who that man was that was holding the reins. "That is Confucius," answered Tsz Lu. "Is he the Confucius that hails from Lu?" was the next question. "Yes," answered Tsz Lu. "Then," said the other, "he knows all the fords." By this he meant that a much traveled man like Confucius ought not to be at a loss to find his way anywhere. Tsz Lu then addressed his inquiry to the other man. "Who are you?" began the second man. "I am Tsz Lu," was the answer. "Are you one of Confucius' disciples?" was the next question. "Yes," answered Tsz Lu. Then pointing to a stream near by, the other said, "Do you see how the water runs downward? The world is just like that. Who is able to change the course of the one or of the other? Is it not better for you to follow those who have withdrawn from the world altogether than to follow one who is constantly withdrawing from this prince and that prince?" So saying, he turned, and continued breaking the clods at his feet. Tsz Lu went back to Confucius and told him what the two men had said. Confucius could not repress a sigh, as he heard this, and said finally: "The birds of the air and the beasts of the field are not companionable. If I were not to associate with men, with what should I associate? If the world were well governed, I should certainly attempt no change."

Thus, for many years, he went from kingdom to kingdom, trying to bring princes and people over to his ideas

of reform. At length, he became convinced that this was a hopeless task, and he turned his steps towards the land of his birth. There he spent the remaining years of his life, devoting his time and energy to the training of a faithful band of disciples, to the compilation of the most valuable literary monuments of antiquity, and to the composition of a succinct history of his times, called "The Spring and Autumn Annals." It is said that his disciples numbered three thousand altogether. Of that number about seventy were thoroughly versed in the principles of his teaching.

"The Spring and Autumn Annals" is the only work from Confucius' own pen, but he compiled and revised the "Book of Odes," the "Book of Chronicles," "the Book of Changes," and "the Book of Rites." These form the so-called "Five Classics" of the Chinese language. The sayings of Confucius were collected after his death by his disciples and form one of what are now known as the "Four Books."

Confucius did not claim to have founded a new system of doctrines. His work was of a constructive rather than of a creative character. He fully acknowledged his debt to the ancient sages. He said: "I am not one who was born in the possession of knowledge; I am one who is fond of antiquity and earnest in seeking after truth." It was with the materials furnished by the ancients that he built up a political and moral system, which lies at the foundation of the social fabric of the Chinese nation at the present day.

What is the general character of Confucius' teaching? He holds that all men are born pure and good though they may differ in their natural endowments and in their sus-

ceptibility to the temptations of the flesh. It is the purpose of moral training and discipline "to make the innate virtues shine, to renovate the people, and to rest in the highest excellence." The innate virtues are love, righteousness, propriety, understanding, and truthfulness. Life is a constant struggle between purity born in man and defilement from without. The innate virtues can be kept bright and shining only by the subjugation of fleshly desires. Thus the inward man is renewed from day to day. But to what end is all this effort directed? The end is *summum bonum*, which consists in fulfilling the duties of life according to the various stations in which one may be placed. Wen Wang, the founder of the Chow dynasty, is cited as a good example, and spoken of in these terms: "As a ruler, he rested in benevolence; as a minister, he rested in reverence; as a son, he rested in filial piety; as a father, he rested in kindness; in his relations with men, he rested in good faith." Naturally, Confucius makes the so-called "five relations" the groundwork of his system. These are: sovereign and subject; parent and child; elder and younger brothers; husband and wife; friend and friends. To each member of these relations are attached duties, the fulfilment of which is strongly insisted upon as necessary to the well-being of society. This is Confucianism in a nutshell.

Of all the champions of Confucianism, the stanchest is doubtless Mencius. This great man was born in 372 B. C.—over a hundred years after the death of Confucius. It is curious to note that nothing is known of his father, who died when he was three years old. But his mother was a shining example of true Chinese womanhood, and has been honored ever since by the Chinese nation for the

gentle but firm methods she used in training her son in the way he should go. When Mencius was a child, as the story goes, he was living with his widow mother not far from a graveyard. In his plays Mencius would oftentimes imitate mourners going about weeping and crying, or men digging graves and burying the dead. His mother observing this said to herself, "This is no place to bring up my son in;" and she removed without delay to another locality. It happened that her new abode was near a butcher's shop. One day her boy saw some men killing pigs, and asked his mother what they did it for. "To give you pork to eat," answered the good woman. It occurred to her on reflection that that answer she gave might lead her boy to suspect that she had not spoken the truth. So she went and bought some pork expressly for him in order to make good her words.

The sight of daily slaughter naturally made some impression upon the boy. In his plays, he sometimes would go through the operations of killing an animal and dressing its flesh for market. "This is no place," his mother again said to herself, "to bring up my boy in." So she removed to a house adjoining a school. There her child's attention was taken with the various exercises of politeness, which the scholars were taught, and he endeavored to imitate them. His mother was pleased and said to herself: "This is just the place for my boy."

When Mencius was a little older, his mother sent him to school. One day he returned in a little while, and said that he was tired. His mother was at the loom, busily weaving. She stopped her work, took up a knife and cut the web she was weaving before his eyes. With fear and trembling, he threw himself at her feet, and asked what

the matter was. "Your going to school," said she, "is like my weaving. By adding thread to thread, I get an inch. By adding inch to inch, I get a foot. By keeping on adding inch to inch and foot to foot, I get a roll. Now, the purpose of your going to school is to become wise and good. It grieves me that you get tired so easily and want to come home. This is like my cutting the web before the whole piece of cloth is finished." Mencius took his mother's words to heart, became a disciple of Tsz Sze, grandson of Confucius, and henceforth applied himself assiduously to study. He owed his greatness to his mother setting him in the right path in the beginning.

Very little is now known of the events in Mencius' life until he was somewhat advanced in years. When he made his first appearance in the court of Hui, king of Liang, he was addressed by that prince as "venerable sir." At that time the rulers of China were all busy with schemes of territorial conquest and personal aggrandizement. The air was full of wars and rumors of wars. The rights of the people were trampled under foot, while princes knew no law. It was at such times that the majestic figure of Mencius rose to its full height, as he raised his voice against tyranny and oppression, rebuked princes and kings for their sins of omission and commission, and denounced wars as infamous slaughters of the innocent people. Never had the people a more fearless champion. "The people," once exclaimed Mencius, "are the most important element in a nation; the country comes next; the ruler is the lightest; therefore to gain the hearts of the people is the way to become ruler." This is thus explained by him; "Heaven sees through the eyes of the people; Heaven hears through the ears of the people."

This means nothing more or less than that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." It is to be observed that this important republican principle was first enunciated by Mencius two thousand years before the days of Washington and Jefferson.

Mencius was a wonderful controversialist. He seemed to have an answer always ready at his tongue's end for any question that might be put to him. Many a time people asked him questions just to see how he would answer them. He never evaded any questions, however difficult or puzzling. His answers were invariably to the point. If he found a question too knotty, he would not try to untie it, but, like Alexander, he would unceremoniously cut it. One of his disciples said to him one day, "Master, when you were last in Ts'i, the king made you a present of a hundred pieces of fine gold, and you did not accept it. But in Sung you accepted a present of seventy pieces, and in which you also accepted a present of fifty pieces, and in Sieh you also accepted a present of fifty case was right, your accepting it in the latter cases was wrong. If your accepting it in the latter cases was right, your declining to do so in the first was wrong. You must accept, Master, one of these alternatives." "I did right in all the cases," answered Mencius. "When I was in Sung, I was about to make a long journey. Travelers must be provided with what is necessary for their expenses. The prince's message was—'a present against traveling expenses.' Why should I have declined the gift? When I was in Sieh, I was apprehensive for my safety, and taking measures for my protection. The message was—'I have heard that you are taking measures to protect

yourself and send this to help you in procuring arms.' Why should I have declined the gift? But when I was in Ts'i, I had no occasion for money. To send a man a gift, when he has no occasion for it, is to bribe him. How is it possible that a superior man should be taken with a bribe?"

On another occasion, Mencius was asked by Kung-too, one of his disciples, "Master, why is it that outside people all say that you are fond of disputing?" "Is it really true that I am fond of disputing?" answered Mencius. "It is a case of necessity with me. I only aim to do my part in setting the hearts of men aright, in putting a stop to the spread of false doctrines, in exposing deceptive shows, and in banishing pernicious gossips. Do I do so because I am fond of disputing? I am compelled to do it." Mencius was not only a clever debater, but also a great philosopher. The mantle of Confucius naturally fell upon him. Where can a more lofty sentiment be found than the following utterance of his?

"I love life; I love also righteousness. If I cannot have both, I will give up life for righteousness. I love life, indeed; but there is something that I love more than life; therefore, I will not cling to it in any improper way. I hate death; but there is something that I hate more than death; therefore, there are occasions when I will not avoid it."

This shows the true nobility of Mencius' character. Well may the Chinese cherish his memory in grateful veneration, and write his name second only to that of Confucius in the list of sages and great men that China has produced.

I find that the address on Confucianism* I delivered last month at Carnegie Hall, in New York, has attracted a great deal of attention. It is a source of gratification to me that the remarks I made on that occasion have elicited comments from the American press which are generally very favorable, and also expressions of approval from persons in different parts of the country. Hundreds of letters have poured in upon me lately on the subject, complimenting me on what I had said. But, on the other hand, I have seen in the newspapers some adverse criticisms on my address from a number of clergymen. A few preachers of this city thought it incumbent upon them to thunder against Confucius and Confucianism from the pulpit one Sunday some weeks ago as if by a sort of agreement. As ministers of the Gospel, they were right in coming forward to the defense of the Christian religion when they felt that an unjust attack had been made upon their cherished beliefs. But from the criticisms they made on my address, it was evident that they had seen only incomplete and inaccurate reports of it in the newspapers, and did not have before them its full text. I am sure that if they had read the address as I delivered it, they would not have thought it necessary to join issue with me. So I do not think that their remarks call for any reply from me. But lest a false impression may have gone forth in regard to that address, I take this opportunity to say a few words about it by way of explanation.

It is reported in the *Philadelphia Press* of December 17, 1900, that, in the course of a sermon on foreign mis-

* Printed in the December-January number of *The Ethical Record*. (48 East 58th St., New York.)

sions delivered on the day before, the Rev. Dr. Wayland Hoyt, of the Epiphany Baptist Church, said :

"It is a common cry that the missionaries are at the bottom of the recent trouble. I have proof to the contrary. The truth of the matter is, that the missionary has been made the scapegoat by conspiring and corrupt native officials and by immoral foreigners now in China and their ignorant brethren here in the United States.

"Minister Wu to the contrary notwithstanding, I prefer to accept as testimony in this case the statements made by Li Hung Chang when he visited this country in 1896. He declared in so many words that the American missions had greatly aided the intellectual development of China in establishing and maintaining schools, had saved bodies as well as souls through their hospitals and dispensaries, and in every time of famine and distress had done noble work. This is high testimony from a high source. I would like to know what Minister Wu has to say in reply to it."

I assume that the Reverend Doctor's words were correctly reported, for as far as I know, he has said nothing publicly to the contrary. Now, the Doctor has done me, though doubtless unwittingly, a gross injustice. Since he wants a reply, I have no hesitation in giving him one. I endorse every word that Earl Li has said on the subject of foreign missionaries, as cited by the Doctor. To prove that I am sincere in what I say, I beg to refer the Doctor to the address I delivered on the 20th of November last, at a meeting held at the New Century Hall, in this city, under the auspices of the American Academy of Political and Social Science on the causes of the unpopularity of foreigners in China. Referring to the missionaries in the course of my remarks, I said :

"It has been commonly supposed that missionaries are

the sole cause of anti-foreign feeling in China, and that they are held responsible for the late uprising. I believe that this charge against them as a body is unfair. Before going any further, I wish to state that the missionaries in China, some of whom I know personally, are, with a few exceptions, respectable and honorable men. They have done a great deal of good in China by translating useful works into the Chinese language, and by publishing scientific and educational journals, which give valuable information to those Chinese who do not understand any foreign language. They have also established some schools in the country and thus advanced the cause of education. The medical missionaries especially have been remarkably successful in their philanthropic work. They have established free hospitals and dispensaries, and dispensed medicine to poor sick Chinese. In time of famine they have been foremost and active in affording relief to the distressed. In short, it is difficult to estimate the amount of good work done in educational and other lines by these good men and women."

From this you will notice that I spoke of the missionaries in China in almost the same words as those attributed to Earl Li by Dr. Hoyt in his sermon. I suppose the Doctor had not read that American Academy address of mine, or, if he had read it, he had forgotten it, though it was delivered in this city. In any case, I would not believe that an eminent divine could be capable of purposely misrepresenting me.

Again, Dr. Hoyt and some other clergymen from their addresses seemed to think that I charged all missionaries with crying out for vengeance. Let me read the exact words I used.

"'Love your enemy' is Christ's command; but at this very moment *some* Christian missionaries are crying out for vengeance and bloodshed."

Note that I used the word "some." Whether the above statement is true or not, I leave it to be decided by any one who has kept track of the run of things in China as published in the newspapers from day to day.

I am inclined to think that the real reason why some clergymen, and I am glad to say they are not many, took offense at what I said in my address on Confucianism is that I took the liberty of instituting a comparison between Confucianism and Christianity, which they supposed was done to the disparagement of the latter. There was certainly no intention on my part to make an attack upon Christianity. Indeed, my purpose was quite the reverse. I only aimed to show that the tenets of Christianity are too high for human beings to follow, and that the doctrines of Confucius are more practical. Surely it is no discredit to say that Christianity is too high and elevated for frail humanity and that all Christians are not acting up to its tenets, just as it is no disgrace to acknowledge that the Confucianists in China do not all live up to the teachings of Confucius.

It seems strange that some clergymen should resent any attempt to compare Christianity with other systems of belief, while they themselves do not scruple—nay, consider it their special privilege—to attack other religions. In other words, they do just what they do not want others to do. Now, since my address on Confucius was delivered, I have seen Confucianism condemned right and left. It has been called "a failure." It has been dubbed "effete," "vague," "unworthy of attention," "rotten to the core and tottering to its fall," and the like. I do not however quarrel with those who apply such opprobrious epithets to our creed. If Confucianism were as bad as

its detractors try to make it out to be, it is strange that after twenty-four centuries it should be able to count millions upon millions of people as its adherents. If a thing is really good, it will stand criticism; just as gold will come out of the fiercest fire much brighter for the roasting. And so the noble and sublime teachings of Christianity which have done so much for the world, need not fear criticism, much less friendly comparison. Confucianism is tolerant. On its account no heretic has ever been burned at the stake; in its name no holy war has ever been waged. We have Buddhists, Taoists, Jews, Christians, and Mohammedans among us. As long as they do not create any political disturbance, they are free to follow the dictates of their conscience in matters of belief and worship. In this world, there are many good things: there are also many good religions. All the good is not confined to one faith or to one creed. As men become more and more educated and civilized, they ought to be more tolerant of the opinions of others. I believe that all religions teach men to be good. If every man would really try to act up to the doctrines enjoined by his religion, the world would be far better. There would be less crimes committed: there would be fewer wars: there would be more lasting peace: there would be less selfishness and more fraternal feelings among the peoples of different countries. It would be well if priests and clergymen of every faith and creed would do their best to promote this desirable end. Thus these words of Confucius will be fulfilled, "LET US ALL LIVE IN PEACE AS BROTHERS."

THE RELIGION OF DUTY.*

BY FREDERIC HARRISON.

I have been asked to speak to-day on the Ethics of the Gospel and the Ethics of Science, and I shall seek to contrast them as a basis for a truly religious life. I can only speak from my own point of view, and without at all assuming that that point of view is accepted by all my hearers (without at least much modification) I shall submit to you my own ideas of how a scientific system of Ethics may become, far more truly than any assumed revelation, the basis of a truly practical religion.

An ethical and human religion (like every real religion whatever) must go at once to the root of the matter which is—how to purify the human heart—how to elevate the human nature—how to make good lives.

And this it must do in the way that every system which ever influenced mankind has done, by having its own view of human character, and by having its own mode of appealing to the dominant motives in human hearts.

It was a great step in morality when the old moralists said, "Do unto others as you would be done by." It regulated conduct, it made justice—equity—the rule of life. But this is an appeal to *external act*—not to the

*A lecture given before the Society for Ethical Culture of Philadelphia, Sunday, March 10, 1901, by Mr. Frederic Harrison, President of the London Positivist Committee.

heart. It makes self the standard of duty. And there was great danger of its being interpreted to mean—give what you get—treat men as they treat you—*Do ut des*.

It was a great advance when Christ said, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." The same words had been used by Confucius very much earlier, and by others. But the Gospel made this rule a central principle, and forced it deep into the conscience of men. The new principle became not *Justice*, equality, or reciprocity—but *Love*. *Love thy neighbor* involved social sympathy—*Humanity*. This is the key of all the beauty of Christian sentiment, of that exquisite idea of Paul's—Charity or Love—Goodness of heart.

Let us examine this as a dominant maxim. Is this the last word of morality and religion? It is complete: is it final? The *principle* to which it appeals is Love: but the standard of measurement is Self. It calls upon self to be the test of unselfishness, as if Devils could only be cast out in the name of Beelzebub. There is another quality in the maxim: it is an appeal simply to sentiment, to feeling: the purest feeling, but feeling only. Action and Thought are not included, receive from this maxim no guidance or control. Now Action and Thought are very powerful forces with strong instincts of their own, which very readily tend towards self. We see how very willing are Action and Thought to take their own lines and gratify their own imperious demands, fully accepting the view that religion does not address itself directly to them and therefore does not concern them. They are quite content to welcome a religion which comes crying out—my kingdom is not of this world. The instincts of energy

and of intelligence concern this world very much: those of energy exclusively so; those of intelligence for all but occasional and mystical meditations. And thus the instincts of energy and intelligence are quite unconcerned with a religion which expressly disclaims any relation to their sphere of activity.

Consider next the motive, or inspiring force. Why love my neighbor? Why forego so much that is desirable for his sake? The answer of the Gospel is simple. For fear of God's wrath; by the express command of God; in order to win the reward he promises; in order to escape the penalties he threatens. The morality of the Gospel is summed up in this: He that loveth his neighbor as himself shall save his own soul, and have eternal life.

No reasonable mind can deny that this Gospel—this message of gladness to the contrite heart weary of evil doing and fearful of retribution,—has, in its history, done great and glorious things. But, viewed as a final and complete Gospel for mankind, it has these three undeniable defects:

I. *Its sphere is strictly limited to sentiment.* The Evangelical and Catholic ideal is attained when the *heart* is perfect. That is certainly an immense gain; and vast consequences for good must follow. But it is very far from all. The whole range of the intellectual and active life stands outside of it. The religious type of the Gospel is complete without a single intellectual or active quality. Hence came monasticism, mysticism, quietism, and all the various forms of meditative seclusion and withdrawal from the work and thought of the world which take such a hold on Catholic and evangelical communions every-

where. Ever since the rise of Christianity, this ideal has held sway over the tender-hearted, the emotional, the pure—and also the indolent, the dreamy, and even the hypocritical. It has assumed a wide range of forms from the hermit of the Thebaid and Simon Stylites down to the Calvinistic fanatic who spends his life in prayer and psalm-singing. This unworldliness, or rather “other worldliness” is of the essence of the Gospel whether in the Catholic or Protestant types. Indeed to speak plainly, it is the real Imitation of Christ, the supreme law of the Gospel, if the Gospel be taken literally—which happily is not done by the majority of Christians. But this type—this ideal of other worldliness, which it is impossible for the sincere Christian evangelist to repudiate, explains and justifies the profound inner revolt of the strong natures and the intellectual temperaments against this religion of sentiment, with its feeble and morbid renunciation of all that is noble in man’s character and grain.

2. *It centres the religious life round self.* For the end of the religious life is personal salvation. Personal reward, personal fear dominates the whole moral and religious life. Hence the individual, egoistic side of all deep and vital Christianity, so far as its dogma extends. No doubt the soundness of human nature is constantly correcting this very questionable creed. But in an absolute creed, the paramount duty of saving one’s own immortal soul is necessarily of infinite moment compared with any consideration of this transitory life on earth. The material welfare of oneself or of one’s fellow-creatures, in this fleeting and miserable state of trial, is dross when weighed in the balance with a crown of eternal glory, or a hell of

eternal torment. A true Christian, who was able to avert a plague from his generation by freely accepting damnation for himself would be bound by his own religion to save his own soul, and to count the death of thousands as of no moment beside the joy of the Angels over a sinner rescued from the Evil One. Such an one might be superior to his creed, or might practically disbelieve his own creed and listen to the innate moral instincts within his own heart. That is to say, the Creed would break down on any real trial against sound human nature. And this dilemma arises. Heroism and Genius seem often to force men to be bad Christians. The letter of the Gospel seems to force Christians to be bad and worthless men.

3. *A third difficulty is this.* The love of God, the fear of God, the will of God, are not homogeneous with the love of one's neighbor. It is a matter of pure conjecture what God would have us do for our neighbor. What kind of love of our neighbor does the will of God inspire? Not necessarily of course his earthly good. Hence have arisen such strange, vague and some think abominable ways of showing one's love to one's neighbor in order to find favor with God. The burning, torturing or outlawing of heretics has been for the whole Christian period a very orthodox mode of giving practical expression to one's love for one's neighbor. Even now, after eighteen centuries of Christian civilization, it is maintained by the priesthood, that those who worship in a Chapel may not lie in the same cemetery beside their neighbor who are Churchmen. As a matter of fact the apparently beautiful precept of the Gospel—Love thy neighbor as thyself, so that God may feel justified in taking your soul into Heaven—has led to

spiritual pride, mysticism, idleness, the mere impotence of devotion, to cruelty, uncharitableness, and unneighborly scorn, has been found compatible with practical self-absorption in action, a life of engrossment in ambition for wealth, power, or fame, an unscrupulous use of intellectual superiority, such conversion of the whole nature to mere intellectual vanity or curiosity in men who all the while conscientiously believe themselves and are believed by others to be devoutly following the behest of the Gospel to love their neighbors as themselves, and to be constantly meditating on the world to come.

In the meantime the world that is, is delivered over to the natural man, to the instincts of ambition, greed, the thirst of power, or the insatiable curiosity of the intellect. For the old Gospel rule, beautiful at first sight, touching and pathetic as it is to the loving-hearted and the poor in spirit, proves to be too vague, too unreal, too narrow to command the strong and intellectual natures, and over those whom it does command, it appeals in secret to the very self of their selves.

This principle of the Gospel rests of course upon a doctrine. Every religion has its doctrine about human nature, its cardinal rule of life.

The doctrine of the Gospel about human nature is this—The human heart from the very first generation, has fallen from the purity in which it was designed, has become depraved by its second nature, is desperately wicked and evil continually, that it seeks evil as the sparks fly upwards. And yet, into this blackened nature, a Divine Spirit, called Grace, mysteriously descends, illumines it, conquers nature; and so the nature is born again, regen-

erated, and in some supernatural way becomes perfect, pure, and unable to fall from Grace.

We know what have been the consequences of this doctrine of fallen and blackened human nature working with this principle of saving our own souls by fixing our whole mind on a Heaven and a Hell that transcend this earth and which offer an eternity beside this fleeting moment. The Inquisition, the religious wars, Calvinism, Puritanism, the long and odious history of Church Orthodoxy, and sectarian bigotry inside and outside all the churches, the vast record of spiritual inhumanity and spiritual hypocrisy give the answer, and all their works of evil in men and in societies of men.

This doctrine is utterly false. It is vague; it is fantastic, one-sided, inhuman, and degrading in its extravagance. It makes out human nature most untruly black, to make it the next moment, by some spiritual legerdemain, to be as untruly ecstatic. It libels our nature with as much falseness, as it transfigures it. Human nature is too good and sound for this vilification: and yet not ethereal enough for this sanctification. Both forms of exaggeration are hysterical, and wildly disturbing. They undermine morality, whilst they turn ethics into nonsense.

We know very well that men of the world professing the Gospel, and indeed all the more enlightened theologians of to-day use no such language as their creed, and they may be ready to deny that Christianity rests at all on any such central maxim. Well! they may throw over the Sermon on the Mount, and all the explicit words of Jesus of Nazareth. But what else is the Creed? What Gospel, or sacred Scripture anywhere teaches the ethical

theories of modern philosophy? Sermons we know are preached daily on the ethical basis of Comte, or Herbert Spencer, or Mill. But that is because rational Christians have completely abandoned the plain words of the Gospel and their own creeds, whilst using the poetry and mysticism of Christianity as a mere coloring for modern rational philosophy.

Let us not be carried away by the pathetic vision of the divine reformer of the shores of Galilee, by the tremendous drama of the Passion—a drama which I do not hesitate to call the most sublime creation of all human poetry—let us not be misled even by the burning enthusiasm of Humanity as we know it in the life and letters of Paul—and ever forget how wrong, how cruel, how crazy is this vaunted scheme of the dead human heart and its miraculous regeneration into a transcendent and immaterial Heaven—which is the true message of the Gospel—and its only message to man.

Humanity is strong and noble indeed that it can have drained this potion to the dregs, and still have lived on good and healthy!

Let us turn to the Ethical form of the central maxim of Religion. It is this. *Life belongs to Humanity*. At first sight, it may not appear that this differs very widely from the Gospel rule—*Love your neighbor as yourself*. But a little examination will show that it differs subtly, widely, and fundamentally, “Live for others,” Comte’s French *vivre pour autrui*, is usually translated. But I am hardly satisfied with this. The literal equivalent of “Live for others” in French would be *vivez pour les autres* which would be a stiff and narrow version. When

I remember how deeply Comte has suffered from crude anglicizing of his phrases such as *culte, vénération, unité* and so forth, I am careful to note how these maxims of his should be translated. We have no exact equivalents of the impersonal *vivre* and for the collective term *autrui*.

The nearest equivalent that I know is "Life belongs to Humanity." Live for society. Individual life is bound up in the life of the social organism. One sees at once how much this differs from "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

Vivre—meaning Life—applies to the whole nature, and is not limited to the heart. It includes Action and Thought as much as Feeling. The life of intelligence, of activity, of enjoyment, of effort—industry, art, meditation, study, family life, public life, politics, science, religion—all alike belong not to our neighbor, but to the Humanity of which we and our neighbors, our forefathers and our descendants form infinitesimal units.

It means not simply *love* your fellow-men; but think, work, plan, observe, dream, if you will—but develop life in all its many sides,—Live in a word for the *Man* that is, that has been, that is to be.

How real, how practical, how comprehensive, and yet how definite is this rule of Life. *Life belongs to Humanity*. Nothing can be wider than life. Nothing can be broader than Humanity. The one includes the aggregate forces of the individual: the other the whole human race outside self, and indeed including self. Nothing, be it said, earthly: nothing within the sphere of our planet. Anything transcendental is doubtless beyond the sphere.

But that which is transcendental is infinite, without limit, and hence to me at least unreal, and incomprehensible. Let me guard myself here from the assumption that I am putting Humanity in any sense in antagonism with God. About the Creation and Moral Government of the Universe I say nothing—for I know nothing, and to those who know that they do know also I say nothing. They maintain of course that to live for Humanity is to live for God—nor shall I dispute what they say. I am concerned now with the immediate and visible sphere of Ethical life—which is obviously our human kind and our earthly abode. That Ethical life may pass onwards through Humanity to an Almighty creator, beyond our planet to an Infinite Heaven, I neither affirm nor dispute. I can speak to you only of what I know; and the immediate object, if you please you may call it the intermediate object, is Man, and his life here.

In this maxim there is nothing one-sided. There is no setting the heart against the brain and the energies. There is no special appeal to emotion. Life implies the due development of the nature all-round. Again in the object or motive. There is no transcendental or disparate object proposed. It does not say, Live a material life as a man on earth, in order that you may hereafter enter on an immaterial life in Heaven as an Angel without organs and without functions. There is no motive of an ultimate life entirely disparate from the actual life of which we have experience. When the fear of God is proposed as the motive to a right life, it is a matter of interpretation to know what this means. Live according to the will of God may imply fifty ways in which that will may be un-

derstood. But when we say *Live for Humanity*, it is possible to understand this differently in details, but it is a practical matter of moral and social science. It is very difficult to assume that burning people alive and baptizing savages by force and fraud, or extending the Gospel by war, or enlarging the boundaries of Christendom by Maxim guns, or doing any downright evil in order to save souls and spread the glad tidings of peace and goodwill amongst men—can be *Living for Humanity*.

It is an obvious and very fair question—What is then to be the motive? Why should we—Live for Humanity, rather than for ourselves? The charge against positive morality is that to give up Heaven and Hell is to open the door to arrant self-enjoyment. “Eat and drink, for tomorrow we die,” and so forth. Why should we live for Humanity? That is, no doubt, the key of the problem.

The ethical reason why we should live for Humanity is this: that it is the natural way of living; that human nature is so organized, that this is the only way of living a life at once free, complete, harmonious, happy.

The ethical rule rests on positive proof—it lies at the base of social and moral science. If it is not at first sight obvious, it is a clear result of observation. There is nothing at all extravagant or hysterical about this maxim, if we understand it fairly. It has been said—even by Mr. Mill amongst the rest—that “Live for others” means that life is to have self expurgated out of it. It is not so at all. *Vivre pour autrui*—simply means that social, sympathetic, collective life which is natural to Humanity. “Life belongs to Humanity” implies that self is part of Humanity. This life of self is part of the ground work

of all life. In order to begin to live for Humanity we must begin by living for self—but in a due measure, in a right degree. We cannot live for Humanity, without so living for self that we make ourself part of Humanity.

The sympathetic, social life is the life of self, in a true sense. We do not cease to be ourselves by loving, thinking, working for Humanity. We become ourselves. We develop, realize, manifest ourselves. We do not live other people's lives. We live our own lives. Why ought we to live for Humanity? Because we must. We are so constituted by nature. Because we only live by Humanity, in Humanity, through Humanity, just as Humanity lives by, in, and through us. We can live no other life, unless we choose a broken, partial, unnatural kind of half-life.

Humanity bred, bore, tended, nursed and clothed us—for our parents and guardians were only the instruments of Humanity, using for our benefit the resources of Humanity. Humanity taught us to speak our mother tongue—for our mothers assuredly did not invent language—we sucked in Humanity with our mother's milk. For years our existence depended, minute by minute, on the care of Humanity—for there again our parents were only in part the organs of society, the agents and ministers of others. So does our existence depend on Humanity in sickness, and, indeed if you only think it out, in every hour of life, and so will it depend at the end till the last breath, nay until our return again to our mother earth.

So also to others we become the instruments of Humanity. When we think or study, we use the thoughts of Humanity. When we work, we are only applying, directing, giving some new form to some previous result of the labor

of others. Crusoe on his island, cut off from men, was still living on the products of civilization, reading his Bible, using human knowledge, arts, and experience. He was only living a human life, because he had saved from the wreck fragments of man's accumulated knowledge, and because with his cats, dogs, and parrot he was imitating a human family. The most lonely philosopher would be a savage but for his possessing the stores of human thought, and his most splendid ideas only add something fresh to that store. The most powerful ruler is only one who induces many men to do what he urges them to do, for Cæsar and Napoleon (if they could have induced no one to follow and obey them) were less able to win a victory than one naked African brave.

The wealthiest capitalist is merely one whom Humanity suffers to say what shall be done with the products accumulated by countless men and women and children and (apart from this coöperation which Society ratifies) Rothschild and a beggar are equally rich. The most cynical voluptuary cannot drink a glass of wine or a cup of coffee without putting in motion thousands at the other end of the planet. The most sordid miser is only one who keeps together for a few years and accumulates some of the produce of Humanity, and often saves it for a useful destination. The worst misanthropist must curse Humanity in the language taught him by Humanity. The worst tyrant can only work his inhumanity by the help of Humanity and by the sufferance and consent of Humanity. The very rogue and murderer works out his crimes by the agency of Humanity, and plunders others or takes life by the skilled appliances of Humanity, and often by the high-

est ingenuity of science, economics, and applied mechanics. The Ravachols and Pallases, Vaillants whose aim is to blow up civil society with dynamite, profess that they do so in the cause of Humanity and under a sense of devotion to Humanity.

We necessarily live by means of Humanity. The simplest act of life is impossible without it. And in one sense, we can only live for the sake of Humanity. Every act of life except perhaps mere eating and drinking, and we may add smoking and idle reading, and such other solitary and sensual indulgences, concerns and affects others, obtains the coöperation of others and if it does this, it must be to the interest or pleasure of some others. Every human being must in some sense "live for Humanity," otherwise he would not live at all. The very baby at the breast lives for others, as well as by others. In one sense the most luxurious live for others; for their personal aims and desires can only be satisfied by indirectly conferring benefits, rewards or mere subsistence on those they employ or need. A man can only, in the strictest sense, cease to live for others, when he is at once dead and infamous. And this is undoubtedly the Ethical equivalent of Hell.

Thus, since it is impossible for a living man (however bad) not to live for Humanity in some degree, it may be in a degree infinitesimally small or extremely low, so to live for Humanity in an enlarged and honorable sense can only mean—Live for Humanity in the natural and scientific conception of human nature. The low, petty good that is done, without intending or perceiving it, by the debauchee or the ambitious, or the tyrant, is only

conferred on a few, and those the least worthy, and that in a part, and the least worthy part of their lives. The work of the good man is done to a far larger number, to their higher interests, and it belongs to the highest interests of Humanity, and helps to carry on the permanent growth of Humanity. Thus live for Humanity really means—Live for the best interests of Humanity in the widest sense. Live for others means only Live a complete, a free, a useful life—and life is only complete, free, and useful according as it is in true relation with the sum of human life in the vast organism of which we form units.

This of course rests on a theory. Every religious scheme must have a doctrine of human nature, as well as a code of duty. What is the Positive doctrine of the moral problem. It is this:

Man, as all ethical analysis combines to prove, is a composite organism made up of very various propensities which stir him to everything he does. Some of these are self-regarding; some of them regard others. Of the desires we may say: Those which regard self are (1) the more numerous, (2) the more energetic, (3) the more constant.

On the other hand the desires which regard others, though fewer, weaker, and less imperious are:

1. More able to give permanent satisfaction.
2. Can alone keep a permanent ascendancy.
3. Can alone be indulged freely without bringing us into collision with our fellows.

That is to say, mere appetite, the simplest of all appetites, that of self-preservation, affects us all, men, women,

and children, every day and with most of us in a civilized state several times in each day. If not satisfied, it affects us to madness or extreme violence, and till it is satisfied more or less, the other human attributes are distorted or paralyzed. There are many such personal appetites—

1. That for food, air, nourishment of the body.
2. That towards mating with our kind.
3. That impelling us to breed and rear children.
4. The desire to destroy, overcome, or contend.
5. The desire to construct, put together, devise and make the beautiful or the useful.
6. The desire to have power over others.
7. The desire to win approval of others.

In other words, the instinct of nutrition, of sex, of parenthood, of destruction, of construction, of ambition, of vanity. These seven, placed in the order of their decreasing vehemence and increasing social dignity. The most common, the most imperious, and the most purely personal, the craving for food, stands at the bottom of the scale, sexual love leads on to higher moral uses, and the care of offspring to higher; construction, which is industry, is nobler, but less violent than the passion for removing what is evil or troublesome, and not so liable to frightful abuse; and the desire to win the approval of others is usually nobler than the desire of controlling others. Both are liable to odious depravations, but both may be converted to great social ends.

The instincts which impel us to seek satisfaction out of self in the good of others are not seven but three. They are far less imperious and occupy a smaller part of our lives. They are:

1. Attachment for our equals and colleagues.
2. Respect for our superiors, teachers, guides.
3. Benevolence, sympathy, charity in the Apostle's sense,—the desire to feel for, help, please, each and all.

These instincts towards promoting the good of others, or of impelling us towards others are steadily active, apart from the moment of fruition. They give us a far higher and more enduring satisfaction. They may become a ruling motive without disturbing the harmony of our nature. And they may be indulged to any limit without bringing us into conflict with our fellows.

A life of selfish appetite cannot be lived without constant disturbance within, and risk of perpetual conflict with others. It is only a wild beast, and a wild beast of superior strength and ferocity which can live a life of consistent indulgence of appetite. A tiger in the jungle or a gorilla kills its prey, and gorges itself, seeks its mate, feeds its cubs till they can kill for themselves, and wars on all things living till it meets its match, or dies of starvation and isolation.

A man who tries such a life of wild beast is shortly brought up and put in restraint. If he is to live like a man, in human society, he must be faithful, respectful, helpful, affectionate in some degree, to some persons, under some conditions, or the gallows and the prison ends his career of violence. If he simply desires to indulge his lower sensual appetites, he must get the means of self-indulgence, by industry, coöperation with others and some social qualities, or he will be an outcast and an object of suspicion, dislike, and hostility to his fellow-men. If his

life is to be really adequate, happy, and free, he must live in the social spirit conforming to the true life of men about him, helping, loving, and in sympathy with the great sum of human life around him.

Such is the analysis of the human instincts given by Comte as a fundamental part of his philosophy. It is constantly repeated in his works, and may be taken as the Positive analysis of human nature. It is included in a variety of the Positivist publications, and is bound up with the Calendar and the Library and the other Tables and Laws of Thought. I have myself been familiar with it for some forty years and have pondered over it, searched it, and compared it with all the leading forms of psychical analysis from Aristotle to Herbert Spencer. The more I consider it, the more entirely luminous, scientific, and fertile does this analysis seem to me. It is, I have no doubt, one of those permanent contributions to philosophy, which may be classed with the Law of the Three Stages, and the Classification of the Sciences.

I will not venture to say that the progress of philosophy may not bring some modifications in minor respects, but I know of none, and I have seen no criticism which appears to me to touch it or to modify it. It has completely entered into my own mental structure, so that I cannot think or reason about human nature without resorting to it. Nor indeed can I find any analysis of human nature which can fairly be said even to compete with it, or in any way to suggest an alternative theory.

Now the moral problem, as stated by Positive Science, is this—Of our ten primordial instincts *seven* are self-regarding—and are far the more vehement though far the

least noble—*three* are directed to others, and if less energetic are higher in quality.

A sound and natural life is the just balance between our self-regarding and our social instincts. But this balance or rather harmony (for it is the combination of all working together) is very far from easy. The self-regarding instincts, as we see, are the more numerous, more vigorous, and most persistent. Sympathy may be dormant for long periods but if appetite were not gratified we should die in the course of a few days, and neither Simon Stylites nor an Indian fakir could wholly subdue the craving for food. Hence the harmony between the two sets of instincts can only be maintained by continual effort, by education, by social influences, by daily cultivation of the nobler instincts, by daily discipline of the lower to accept their minor functions.

There is in this no extirpation of the self-regarding propensities, no crushing or mortification of them, no exaggerated estimate of the higher instincts. All the instincts are necessary to life, and thus are necessary to Humanity. All are in some degree good and useful, because human nature would not be itself without them. But the full development of human life, the freedom of life, the higher pleasures of life, are only possible by the systematic reining in of the self-regarding instincts to be confined to their due, indispensable but lower functions, and the systematic rousing of the social instincts to their due place of superiority and rule.

In a purely individual life, one selfish passion might be supreme. But there is no such thing as an individual life; it is as impossible as life without oxygen or without sen-

sation. Life in constant and necessary relations with others precludes a life of constant struggle and ultimate destruction. Even a man-eating tiger does not last long; and now and then a man of tiger-like nature and bestial cunning attempts a purely egoistic synthesis, or life of indulgence—but he speedily ends in prison or the scaffold. Happily, all the instincts of selfish enjoyment, imply some coöperation with others, unless it may be the lowest of all, the craving for food and the means of life—which as we all know, usually takes a sociable form. Anyone of the selfish passions indulged without restraint would lead to a short life and a stormy one—not at all a happy one. Again, the selfish passions if freely indulged together must conflict with each other. Indulge appetite too freely, and love of power and of praise would be sacrificed. Indulge the love of power and of praise, and you must sternly control appetite. Pride kills vanity: vanity kills pride. It is not easy to be a popular tyrant, or an ambitious sycophant. The constructive and the destructive instincts can hardly be indulged together and if either is indulged ordinally, it can only be done at the expense of the strictly family affections and the atrophy of the two essentially public instincts. Hence harmony is impossible on the basis of giving the control to any one of the selfish instincts. An egoistic synthesis involves a life of storm, suffering, struggle.

Hence, for various reasons, harmony of the nature is only possible on the basis of giving the unselfish instincts supreme control. These usually combine,—and do not neutralize each other. So much so, that some philos-

ophers have doubted if there is any analysis of them possible, if the instinct to help others be not one. They steadily and necessarily lead us outside self. They force us into society and into being welcomed by others. Our love, regard, and desire to aid others, never brought us into collision with others—quite the contrary. It is only the sense of this outside overwhelming pressure which keeps the violent selfish instincts in hand. Starving men refrain from seizing the food before their eyes, because along with the generous sense of duty to others, goes hand in hand the irresistible social repression of crime. So in marriage, the affection of the married pair is fortified for the most part under all the strain of disagreement by the social pressure of submitting to a public and irrevocable bond. “The being, whether man or brute, who loves nothing outside himself and really lives for himself alone, is by that very fact condemned to pass his life in a miserable alternation of ignoble torpor and uncontrolled excitement.” (Pol: I., 566).

This harmony between our instincts—the only mode in which regular life is possible to a social being—conspires with the life of Humanity about us, enables us to join in that life, and secures that our work shall be incorporated with it. In a word, in living for Humanity we live for our whole selves and our true selves. We fulfil our natures only in living for others. Our life becomes a success, a joy, a poem, only when we raise it to the life of the whole. We obtain harmony in our souls within and harmony with our kind around. In other words the law of Happiness is the Law of Duty.

Thus personal morality demands a twofold effort :

1. Constant discipline to restrain the self-regarding instincts in their due place.

2. Constant cultivation of the unselfish instincts to maintain their ascendancy.

In other words—First, discipline ; and next, devotion. That is :

(1) Practical habits to check the violence of appetite.

(2) Continual stimulus to the affections to fix them on some worthy object without.

We may apply to each side of life in turn the positive rule—*Life belongs to Humanity*.

Take the simplest, lowest, most imperious of our instincts, that which prompts us to satisfy our bodily wants—appetite for food is the type and the most obvious—but all bodily and material wants may be included. Give this instinct a social turn by applying to it the maxim—*Life belongs to Humanity*—and then we feel that food, warmth, shelter, and clothing, external activity, and the enjoyment of physical life of a certain kind are absolutely essential to life, at any rate to any efficient and normal activity. And so far the satisfaction of the instinct is just and indispensable. But it does not limit us to considerations of health, decency, and good sense. Place the personal and primitive duty of maintaining the body in full activity on a social ground—and we must say—*If Life belongs to Humanity* then, not merely bestial excess in food and drink, but preposterous extravagance in luxury are odious and sinful. But we must go on to say : It is not only the quantity of that which we consume which we must consider, and its wholesomeness to

our bodies, but the quality and proportion of what we consume to our own gratification which is to be considered. All flagrant misappropriation of the common stock is an abuse, even though such abuse have in it no infringement on our own health, or on the conventions of society. The man for whose bodily wants hundreds have to toil, even though he never eat or drink to affect his health is living in breach of the moral law as much as the drunkard or the glutton and may possibly, in a more refined way, be doing a wider social wrong. Nor is his case mended by the shallow sophism that his personal extravagance may be good for trade. Nothing is good for trade which wastes human industry upon one pampered and surfeited egoist. The drunkard mars his own power to serve Humanity. The spendthrift engrosses an inordinate share of the services of Humanity. If we place our personal temperance on a purely selfish ground, we may oscillate between an irrational and ecstatic asceticism and a cynical indifference to anything but the claims of our bodily health. Duty to society is a measure which covers ground far wider than any personal standard whatever ; it goes deeper ; it acts more constantly.

If *life belongs to Humanity*, then temperance means not only, the care of our own health, and the dignity of our own bodies, and the fulness of our own powers. It is this—all this—and much more. It is the temperate acceptance of a fair share of the common human produce. And he violates the rule who pampers the appetite with waste, who insults and degrades his neighbors by display of luxury, who humiliates them by hiring them to give him unworthy service, who perverts the industry and the

ingenuity of Humanity to be the mere instrument of his insolent extravagance.

And so, if time allowed we might go through all the personal instincts and show what new meanings they acquire by the light of the maxim *Life belongs to Humanity*. Continnence would be seen to consist—not only in a formal chastity or personal indulgence within the strictly legal restrictions—but a constant and scrupulous regard for all those consequences by which the claims of family and society can be affected by our acts and our habits and lives. Our parental instincts would be controlled not only by continual regard for the interests of our descendants but also for the interests of society.

And so, we may pass through all the range of human desire and on every side find fresh illustration of the truth—that to guide, control, and spiritualize the tremendous instincts of self in the human heart, we must cease to appeal to any motive that is based in self in this world or in the world to come, and we must base morality on the omnipresent and circumambient Humanity—which is the natural object of our unselfish efforts and activities and the sole external Power by which our selfish instincts can be effectually disciplined and curbed.

THE BELIEF IN ONE GOD.*

BY WALTER L. SHELDON.

Whence and how and where did the belief in one God arise? It is not so strange that mankind should have had gods. We can account for this. It was a simple and natural step in the evolution of thought. We can hardly conceive how the human race could have failed in early times to have had god-beliefs of one kind or another. But I am not sure that it was an inevitable step in the evolution of man, that he should have come at last to the standpoint of a one, only God. We know that the step was taken. It is on record in the literature of the human race over two thousand years ago. In fact, one may doubt whether even in our own times any more out-and-out monotheism exists or prevails, than was boldly outlined in the days before the Roman Empire had come into existence and before the Akropolis at Athens was crowned with the Parthenon.

It is often assumed by careless minds that we live to-day in the age of monotheism; that the belief in one God is the accepted standpoint of the civilized world. This surely is a mistake. We are living in the age in which this belief is coming rather than has come. And it may be another two thousand years before it will have established itself in the minds of the class of people who are supposed now to accept it. I do not wish to be radical in my assertions; and yet I am strongly convinced, that, taking Christendom as a whole, there is not a very large

*Given as the close of a series on the "Evolution of Religion," before the Ethical Society of St. Louis, in the winter of 1901.

number of persons who have gone the whole length in the belief in a one, only God. It is a standpoint which cannot simply be *taught*. We may assert the belief outright, make the statement boldly and with perfect assurance; yet as we speak the words, we may see the blank look in the eye of the one to whom we are speaking, and are at once aware that it conveys little or no meaning. It may exist in the language of a creed or profession of faith, and as such it is accepted throughout all Christendom. But those who are supposed to hold it and advocate it, will of their own accord people the invisible, spiritual, world with a multitude of intermediate agencies.

I do not charge this to a blind stupidity on the part of the human race. After all, the acceptance of a clear, pure monotheism must depend on one other factor—and that is *culture*. Only the highly evolved or highly cultured soul is capable of this standpoint. Only as intelligence becomes supreme over the fancies, the sentiments, the side-play of heart and mind; only as thought holds sway in the individual consciousness, is it possible for the mind of man to advance to this conception of a Unity.

Once and again, and many times, it has been tried to impart this belief to the uncultured, the undisciplined, to the half-soul of the average man. And he takes it, accepts it as a matter of course, because it is the recognized standpoint of the world. But to him it is only a dim, vague theory,—standing off in the distance as something which he ought to believe. Now and then it comes over him as a sentiment, and for an instant may half-overwhelm him. It may thrill through him at times of spiritual ecstasy when he has surrendered himself and all his being to solemn music, to the volume of tone in some great chorus. The majestic notes of the organ or the

far-away, soft strains of the violin may lift him out of himself, take him for a transient moment over into a Spiritual Kingdom. For a second in the glow of that music he feels or is aware of the fact of that Unity.

But the relapse is inevitable. There is no unity as yet in himself. The soul within him is peopled with many forces, each pulling against the other. He is the subject of passion or caprice, of his fancies or his prejudices; and as such, he is only a half-soul. As long as there is no center of unity in man himself, he will never be able to hold on to a centre for the Universe.

This final standpoint in the evolution of religion can only take hold of the cultured soul. It is a culture, however, not of the mind only, but of the heart and of the will. To-day, as of old, the average man still believes in many gods. *The age of monotheism is still coming, but not yet come.*

The first skepticism was not, in the language of sweet Margaret to Faust: "Do you believe in God?" That is a nineteenth century or a twentieth century problem. But when the doubt first arose, it was as voiced in the "Dialogues" of Plato, and in the speculations of the Greek philosophers: Are there gods? And the half-philosopher of those days, the half-souls of the half-cultured, answered: "No,"—and stopped there. But not so with the real philosopher. He did not rest at that point, because he could not stop thinking. And the query was bound to come: If there are no gods, if these deities do not exist, what then is the world? what is man? what is there inside of man? It was the doubts as to the existence of the old gods which led up to science and led up to philosophy.

In the story of religion, far more than in the evolution of the social sciences, or in the development of natural

science, I am inclined to think that a great deal has been due to the exceptional minds. A new standpoint for the social structure may evolve little by little, built up as a contribution from the efforts of many individuals. The constitution of society to-day, the constitutions of our States, the laws on the statute books, have come up, one might say, as the coral islands come up over there in the Pacific Ocean. We may trace the stages or see the advance. But as to the other query: To whom are we to attribute all this? what great individual forces have done it or made it? We cannot answer. All that we can say is, that it is a growth, an evolution extending over hundreds of thousands of years.

In the arts, however, in poetry, sculpture, painting, architecture, music, there are times when it has been otherwise. An individual, or a few rare, choice spirits step forth and make an epoch. Under the influence of such exceptional geniuses the world would seem to have turned a sharp corner. This may be less so in the earlier stages of the process. Up to a certain degree it would appear to come by the coral-island process. Then on the other hand all that has gone before takes root in certain exceptional minds, is worked over and transformed. And in the course of a century a new age has come.

What is true of the arts I believe has been even more true of religion. In the story here it may be said that individuals stand out conspicuously for what has come through them. The evolution of religion in the transition from the old mythological paganism to the advanced ethical monotheism, is not to be traced so much through a growing mass of sentiment over large areas of population; it is rather the story of what took place here and there in a few exceptional minds. The advance to the standpoint

of an all-pervasive Unity, is owing to the fact, I believe, of what has gone on in the spiritual experience of a few men, giving us in substance the biography of individuals rather than a story of the *consciousness of man*. The fact that in the traditions of bygone times individual names stand out so conspicuously in connection with the foundation and growth of the great systems of religion, or in connection with the utterances traced through one or another collection of Sacred Scriptures—this is not all chance or to be all relegated to the unhistoric. I believe in Moses, and I believe in Buddha, as I believe in Zoroaster and Confucius. We are all the more justified in attributing great changes in the evolution of religion in early times to exceptional individuals, because we see that this has been largely true of those changes brought about in later times where the facts are all clearly before us. Names stand out in glaring light, as the leaders or martyrs of a new standpoint. I might give a roll-call over the last two thousand years. Each name would be a reality to us. In each one of those men there came a new spiritual experience. Through them and through the light which came to them, a new standpoint was put forth and a new light was scattered abroad. Religion therefore has been a story of prophets, seers, and philosophers.

Hence I believe that the step to monotheism came, not as a great wave-movement in the onward advance of religious thought or religious life. It appeared rather as a gleam of light piercing the souls of a few rare minds.

Yet these light-gleams may have come either as sentiments or as thoughts. We may have them at rare intervals under the influence of great music, on the one hand; or we may have them in the quiet hour by ourselves when

reading some treatise by Darwin, which is taking us in thought to a core of unity for the Universe. At such moments we slip our moorings to the finite, and for a time our souls are linked to the Infinite.

The story of the rise of monotheism or the belief in one God, in so far as our own part of the world is concerned, must be traced in the process of evolution, to the two countries of Palestine and Greece. There are indications of a certain phase of this belief in a Unity to be found in the earlier speculations of the people of India. We hear it said that even the ancient Egyptian had been feeling his way toward this new standpoint. But it is doubtful whether the attitude of Egypt or of India had any great influence in the processes shaping the monotheism which is assumed to hold sway throughout Christendom.

In Palestine to the Prophets of Israel the belief in one God came as a sentiment. It was no clearly thought-out process. The *first* leaders in the new light which came to the Israelites, did not take this step. Their one cry was: Only one God for Israel. And there took root the standpoint: Yahweh is the God of Israel, and the home of Yahweh is at Jerusalem. It was of themselves only, and only of their own Deity, that the Jews as yet were thinking. And they might have gone on those hundreds and thousands of years still with that preconception: other nations or other races had their gods and were entitled to them; but the Jew was to worship only Yahweh and only at Jerusalem.

One event, however, gave the occasion for the new standpoint to arise. Palestine succumbed, Jerusalem fell, the temple was in ashes on Mount Zion. Where then was Yahweh the God of Israel? At that moment, seemingly, the crisis came. A light shot through the souls of the

Prophets—in the attitude of a “New Covenant.” And then and there they wrote that prayer which they put into the mouth of Solomon at the dedication of the temple:

“Will God in very deed dwell on the earth? Behold, the heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain thee; how much less this house that I have builded!”

The Israelites went into exile. To the outward eye Yahweh their God had been beaten by the deities of another race. But the very event which, as we might have supposed, was to overthrow the religion of Judaism, was what saved it. In the exile amongst strangers the new Prophets took this other step. They beheld the collapse of the temple on Mount Zion as an indication, not of the overthrow of Yahweh, but as pointing out that their Deity was more than the temple and Jerusalem; that he was the God of the whole earth, and the only God.

And this was the standpoint the leaders brought back with them, when a century or more afterwards they restored Jerusalem. It was the ethical monotheism of the Prophets of Israel. I do not suppose for an instant that the mass of the people accepted the standpoint of those rare seers. As for the people, they brought back with them in one way or another gods galore—not as deities to compete in majesty or power with the one supreme unity, but as demons and spirits, as “angels and archangels.” The plain man held to his primitive standpoint then, as in modern times, by holding on to the subordinate spirits. Many of the old gods survived in the angelology among the Hebrews, as they have survived in one form or another in the worship of the saints, or in the belief in demons, evil spirits and a Satan, in the theories of modern Christendom.

But the step was taken. Never from that day to this

has there been a more sublime proclamation of a one, sublime Unity of Power and Wisdom at the core of the universe, than came from the Prophets of Israel in that exile when they were in Babylonia.

Over in Greece it was another story. The seers there were the poets. And there was too much of the poetic in the old mythology, in the gods of Homer, for them to surrender it by one step of new insight. They were feeling their way in advance, as the gods took on a new character in their minds. Over all those deities there stood in his sublimity the father of the deities, the great god Zeus. *Æschylus* was almost a monotheist, but not quite. The poetry in him, I suppose, forbade. Had this step been taken once for all boldly by those seers, the poets, it might have saved a tragedy in the spiritual history of the Greek people. But they compromised, and out of that compromise followed the crude scepticism and atheism of later times.

In this other country, therefore, it was the philosopher who made the advance. Yet here too it would seem as if it had appeared by a sudden transition. We are not sure that it had even taken hold of the mind of *Socrates*. It is not clear that even he caught on clearly to the new conception of a one, only God. But it had come seemingly as a gleam of new light a century before, in another philosopher, whose thoughts have been handed down for the most part, only by tradition. The novelty of what he said is the evidence for the historic trustworthiness of it. When this man, *Xenophanes* by name, threw overboard, one and all, the whole pantheon of gods and cast aside the deities of his bible, in *Homer*, pointing out how they were only images of human beings, "built large," but of the same type as the races which worshiped them,—then ad-

vancing the new standpoint in his doctrine of a *unity*, he said: "This unity is God." It would seem as if he had been led to this attitude by a process of thought; first catching on to the conception of unity, a oneness through all he saw and experienced; and because the belief in many gods was in conflict with the fact of unity he had caught on to, he cast it aside and stepped forth a monotheist, or a believer in a one, only God.

It came among the Greeks, not through an ethical passion, as it had come to the Prophets among the Israelites. It was here rather a thought, a basis for a philosophy.

As we go on studying the development of thought in Greece, it is not clear whether all the philosophers quite abandoned the belief in gods. We are not perfectly sure what was the standpoint even with the mightiest of them all, Plato. He talks of them at times as if he did believe in them; and then again we are led to infer that they were to him perhaps only symbols used as a means for imparting principles of philosophy or rules of life to the multitude, through figurative language.

But the step had been taken. The pantheon of the old Greeks had to go. The philosopher had lost his interest there. What he was concerned with was this fact of unity. It took hold of the minds of the men of thought in Athens, and held them as with a vise. At the centre of everything they were always placing this final Unity. And they passed on to the use of the name of the Deity as a means for describing it. It was somewhat as with us when we speak of the "divine" in the world,—as a kind of abstraction, in the way they began to speak of "God" as this impersonal unity, the one power or source at the centre, out of which all soul must come.

The step had been taken. The philosophy of Greece

stood for the belief in one God. The element of Unity had triumphed to the man of thought in Greece; as it had triumphed to the Prophet of Israel over in Palestine. It became the standpoint of theory in the religion of Christendom or the civilized world.

When once this attitude had been adopted, we note the change in the use of language in the way one describes a change in religious beliefs. In the old days it had meant a change of gods. A new religious faith implied a faith in another Deity. When a man of one race adopted the religion of another race, it was adopting another god.

In this final age of ours, however, all this is altered. Now in speaking of a change of religious beliefs, we always imply by it, not the acceptance of a new god, but the acceptance of a new standpoint concerning the same God. Once for all, *in theory*, civilized man has accepted the standpoint of a Single Power; and the contrast in religious beliefs throughout the world becomes a contrast in opinions concerning that one Power. We speak to-day of the God of the Mohammedans, the God of the Jews, the God of Christianity, the God of the Presbyterians, or the God of the Roman Catholics, or the God of the Brahmans, or, last of all, the God of the Man of Science. But in the use of this language we always imply a reference to the same one final Power. This is the conspicuous contrast in our age of monotheism, which is now all the while coming, but not yet come.

There are intelligent, thoughtful people at the present day, who assume that rationalism forbids a belief in a Deity, or that a belief in a God must inevitably put the believer in conflict with natural science and be in the way of advancing intelligence and enlightenment. This mistake is all owing to careless thinking. It all depends on

what kind of a God man believes in. The kind of beliefs concerning Deity, which stand in the way of the advance of science, are far more akin to the old standpoint of faith in many gods. These beliefs may pass under the name of monotheism; but on close examination they do not always stand the test. I believe we can say with perfect assurance that there is no necessary conflict between the search for knowledge in the natural world, and a belief in a one God—even in a distinctively personal God. We call attention to the fact that the leading exponent of the philosophy of evolution in the English-speaking world, Mr. Herbert Spencer, in the recent revision of the first volume in his great "Syuthetic Philosophy," comes out squarely with this assertion: that the standpoint of evolution neither affirms nor denies a theism; and that a faith in a one, personal God is perfectly compatible with the doctrine of evolution.

When it comes to a belief in what might be termed a "meddling" Deity, a God who is all the while stepping in to make it rain, if people pray for it, or to give sunshine when it is asked for in prayer, or to upset all the laws of nature to please the caprice of some one devotee, then we are really back in the age of a belief in many gods, with a world running its course at the whim of all kinds of deities, each seeking to have his own way.

I say frankly, as an out-and-out Rationalist, that I have no fear for the cause of science, or the cause of enlightenment, through the belief as such, in a one, personal God. What I shall always be disposed to fight against, will be, certain attributes which careless thinking associated with this conception of the Godhead.

Historically, however, whatever beliefs, or whatever absence of beliefs, one may have at the present time, con-

cerning Deity, we are all interested in watching the purpose which such beliefs may have served, as a means for advance in the evolution of the human race. Looking back over the ages from the dawn of the new epoch when those first rare souls caught on to the new standpoint, we see how this one God held up before the world by the seers, prophets, and philosophers, has been made the medium, through his personality, of the advancing ethical ideals of man. Once having conceived of a single, supreme God, it was inevitable that whatever man thought of as the most perfect, he attributed to the "All-perfect." And his Deity became the type to him of Perfection. It must be remembered that the human race had not advanced to the point where those types could hold sway when standing out as abstract ideals. To the uncultured or half-cultured, those abstractions, those ideals of excellence, were kept alive because believed to be incarnate in a Deity. Hence the belief in one God has been the medium through which ethical ideals could evolve. It was essential as a means or stepping-stone.

To-day, I believe those ideals for many a person can stand by themselves, and for themselves can hold their sway over man as ideals of excellence and perfection. This does not necessarily take away the belief in a one, supreme God in whom these ideals are incarnate. While the belief in God may continue intact and is not necessarily affected by the recent developments of human thought, the conception of the Deity is left as a supreme object for our worship, and is no longer degraded as a kind of police agent for the preservation of law and order in the world.

But the service which that belief in a one, supreme God has rendered, can be seen in the sublime charge

handed down over the ages: "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect." This comes as the highest utterance of an ethical monotheism. If evil comes, as it has come at times, through this faith in a Father in Heaven, it has come because of crude or erroneous interpretations of what that language meant. All I am pointing out is, that, as Rationalists, with our faith in ethical ideals as a basis for religion, we are free to choose by our thought and to take our stand as our best thoughts permit, for or against the attitude of theism. On this account I do not urge it, nor do I oppose it. My aim has been to disentangle it from confusion of thought; to see what this belief has stood for, and the service it has rendered.

One fact is plain to me, and established to my mind. No man who is an out-and-out Rationalist and a believer in the new standpoint of modern science, need feel any shame, intellectually speaking, at having a devout faith in a personal God; and, on the other hand, no man religiously inclined and with the spirit of reverence in his heart for all that is good and true, need feel ashamed, if in the pursuit of his mind after light, he is still, in spite of all his search, as yet unable to see or find the same God which other men believe in. *The reverence for the ideal is of far more consequence than the implicit faith in a doctrine.* And I feel convinced that the kind of a God compatible with what we know of the world and of life, would be far more satisfied with the spiritual yearning on the part of the individual man after what is good and true, even though definite belief in that God is not there—than the mechanical belief in such a Being, accepted on the authority of others, but unaccompanied with the spiritual cravings normally belonging to man as "made in the image of God."

It must also not be overlooked that still another vital belief essential to the advance of ethical religion has been linked with the belief in one God, growing up with the growth of monotheism and in earlier times sharing its fate. As long as there were many gods, there were many races of men. Each race had its own protecting deity, and other races were only as the lower orders of the animal kingdom. Law and the principle of justice only prevailed between those who worshiped the same God.

But when it dawned on a few rare souls, that there was, or could be, only one Power at the centre, one seat of authority, one source of Ethical Law, what could those persons have thought about the many races whose gods did not exist? In a word, the belief in one God involved as an inevitable part of itself the belief in one mankind, one human race. This standpoint could not have come or held sway in the old days when man believed in many deities. Only as this standpoint of a Central Unity took hold, could there arise the conception of a Human Brotherhood. And it came. It was voiced over even in pagan Rome; but not until the old paganism had dissolved under the growing influence of the Greek philosophy, with its central thought of a Unity. It came also through the new teachings in Palestine. In the language of St. Paul, there was swept aside as with a movement of the hand, the old notion of a God of the Israelites, and there stood forth the conception of a God for the whole human race. To be sure, this other belief, like the doctrine of a unity in the godhead, is still really held only by a few. With the majority it is only an abstract dogma. We see nevertheless historically how these two attitudes have grown and evolved together: The Brotherhood of Man, and the Fatherhood of God.

It does not follow that those two beliefs are mutually dependent upon each other *to-day*. But historically they have been of mutual service to each other. One could have come only along with the other. They have stood for the *facts* of Brotherhood and Fatherhood.

I am brought, then, to the question of all questions, which I do not presume to be able to solve: How came this step to monotheism to have been taken? Not, what was the philosophy leading up to it, nor what were the external conditions encouraging the belief, or fostering it? But if, as seems probable, it came as a gleam of new light to individual souls, what was there in the human consciousness, drawing the soul of man in that direction? Had it been only a rude guess, it would have had no significance. There were such guesses on the practical side among the men of thought in the early world; as, for instance, in the theory propounded, that the earth was a sphere; or as in the doctrine of the Atomic Theory. But these were only fancies and did not take hold of the whole soul and being of men. On the other hand, this belief I am speaking of, in a Unity, a one, supreme Power, instead of being treated as a mere guess, to be tossed about and speculated over, took hold of the passions of men, swaying the souls of individuals to the very core of their being. It was a belief to live for and to die for. None of the teachers of the old world would have ever, I think, died in defence of the theory of atoms, put forward by Democritus.

And I ask myself: Is there an impulse within the consciousness of man, leading of itself in this direction, toward a belief in such a Principle of Unity? The more I survey the evolution of religious experience, the more I am inclined to answer this query in the affirmative. I believe there is an instinctive or innate consciousness of

what I should call in abstract language, the cosmic-relationship.

What is it, for instance, that leads a man to hunger yearningly for the companionship of his fellow-creatures? What is it that brings on melancholy, even death perhaps, when the individual is shut away in complete solitude? Why does such a man hunger for the presence of some human creature, around whom he may throw his arms in a sense of comradeship? To this query there is no answer. It is just an innate craving, a recognition of kinship with other human creatures.

On the other hand, is there such a craving for comradeship with what we term the "inanimate world"? Out in the country where the sky is visible to the observer, in the night-time, alone; what does one see? Just glittering stars, a great dome set with lights. And we know something of what those lights are; planets and suns in the infinite distance. But anything more? What kind of a feeling will start? Just wonder or surprise? No, I venture to say there will be a kind of yearning. It will be almost as if we threw out our arms to reach that dome and touch it, to get where those stars are. "And why?" I can give no answer. It only seems to point to an innate sense of kinship between us and them, a sense of relationship between the cosmos and ourselves. Looking up at those glittering lights we call stars, as soon as we begin to think, we feel positively impelled to think of them as a *system*. Our sense of kinship is not with them individually, but with them as a whole.

It does look as if there was a tendency for growing intelligence, of its own accord, to take the leap to the conception of unity. It would almost seem as if there had been an irresistible tendency, with advancing culture, to

pass on to this highest of all standpoints. We might almost assume that the reason why the scientist had found it in the natural world, was chiefly because his craving had led him to believe that it *must* be there. Before mankind had the facts on which to adequately base the conception, they had evolved the word "cosmos" and applied it to the universe. They had felt the unity which they could not prove. To-day it would seem as if the proof were coming through science and philosophy. Law is one, we are told.

But in mentioning the cosmos and our relation to it, in thinking of that dome above, where the stars and suns are shining, we include not only what we see there, but all that we fancy may be there, besides. It includes the universe *and the source whence it may have come*. In the last sense of the word, "cosmic relationship" means "God-relationship."

In the fullest sense of the words, to put ourselves in touch with the finite, means also putting ourselves in touch with the Infinite. The cosmos must speak for its author. Our beliefs concerning the Deity must depend on our belief concerning the natural world. God, like man, must be judged by his work. The world we see and touch, is not merely the fringe of His garment. If it has come from an Infinite Mind, then it is more than a shadow cast on the void. It must convey to us a suggestion of the character of the Source whence it has arisen. In loving the beautiful as the eye takes it in, in revering the good as the mind witnesses it, we are loving and revering the God. In studying the natural world, in probing its mysteries, in unraveling its processes, and in discovering its laws or methods of procedure, we are studying the God. Not that by this means we have Him all there!

It is not of an attenuated, meaningless pantheism I am speaking. But the only conceivable image in finite form we have of the Infinite, is the soul of man. And just as in studying the works of man, we interpret his soul, we guess at the spirit within, which we cannot see—in the same way in interpreting the works of nature, we must guess at the spirit behind it, and by this means alone, form our conception of the Unity or Force at the Centre.

As we go on studying the world of nature, and the world of man, the life we see on the outside, and the life we feel on the inside, sometimes I think that this craving or tendency in the soul of man for a cosmic relationship, this yearning to be in touch with the Whole or the Infinite, may all of itself really mean something; that it points to an actual unity, a centre of force for all the bewildering multiplicity of experiences or events passing before us, or through which we pass. If it means at the centre there, a Supreme Power such as men call "God," I am ready to bow before it. But it will not be the kind of Deity the average man worships. The custom of treating one's God like one's next-door neighbor and chatting with Him in a sociable way over the balcony railing, is not in keeping with my conception of worship. The more I *think* about the Supreme Being, the less I am inclined to talk about Him. Each man, after all, must have his own God. The affinity between men on this point will be perhaps a good deal in the name. The approach will lie in the one fact which I have spoken of, in this sense of cosmic relationship. Between that universe *and* the source whence it comes, on the one hand—whatever it may be—and myself, on the other hand, there is a kinship. And I am glad to feel it, and to know it, while I go on working out my ideals and struggling after the Light.

THE SUPREME ALLEGIANCE.*

BY LANGDON C. STEWARDSON.

I AM to speak to you to-day upon a subject which I have entitled, "The Supreme Allegiance," and to begin with I shall ask you to hear a short passage from the Gospel according to St. Matthew. It is found in the 10th chapter and the 37th and 38th verses.

"He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me, is not worthy of me.

"And he that taketh not his cross and followeth after me, is not worthy of me."

Only a few words are needed to put us in possession of the psychological antecedents of the passage I have just read. Here is a father, for example, who has cherished worldly hopes for his son. The son is to become the father's partner in a great business. The business itself is to develop in scope and volume and carry with it wherever it goes the products and the power of the firm. In time, of course, the son is to succeed to the headship of the concern and to bring up in turn sons of his own who shall perpetuate the family fortune and the family name. Such are the father's hopes.

But now the son on whom these hopes are set learns by some chance his own peculiar function and the burden of his heart's desire. The burning words of a teacher or the sparks of suggestion struck out of the hard stones of cir-

*An address before the Society for Ethical Culture of Philadelphia, Sunday, April 28, 1901.

cumstance reveal to him at last the purpose and the obligation of his life. It is not for business that he cares nor for the worldly advantages it may bring with it. On the contrary it is science—the majestic figure of truth that bids him follow her. It is science that is the mistress of his heart.

And so after much inward debate and struggle of mind he seeks the long postponed and dreaded interview with his father. He tells him of his new resolve. The father at first can hardly believe his ears. He laughs aloud in bitterness and incredulity of spirit. Then he reasons, pleads, storms. He appeals to worldly ambition, to common sense, to family affection. "Will the boy be a fool, a pauper an ingrate?" he asks. And all the while the young man stands there with the soul within him torn by warring passions. To do his father's will is to renounce that search for truth which has become to him the mission of his life. To serve science on the other hand is to grieve and perhaps break a parent's heart. He is the victim of a divided allegiance—the high allegiance to truth on the one hand and the fond allegiance to father and mother and the ties of family affection upon the other. The one allegiance has become inimical to the other. The allegiance to father demands the desertion of a divine duty, whereas the divine duty—the person of truth—declares, "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me."

Again here is a father whose children are dependent upon him, not merely for food and lodging, but also for social influence and all that goes to constitute a prosperous start in life. If his daughters are to make what are called good matches and his sons to enjoy the advantages of education and of foreign travel he must not only retain

his present fortune, but increase it. It is now, however, that, in the interests of the business house in which he is a partner and a high official, his vote and influence are asked to purchase legislation. The passage of a given law or the pressure of official force at proper points will increase the profits of the business fifty-fold. It is well known moreover that for the furtherance of these ends a certain senator stands ready to be bought. What then shall the father do? His conscience tells him that the whole transaction is corrupt and that in taking part in it he not only defiles himself but tempts his fellow-men to moral degradation. But now the consequences of hearkening to his conscience begin to appear. The faces of his boys and girls encircle him. He remembers all that he has promised himself to do for them—dress and fortune and travel and many other things on which their hearts are set. Sadly they seem to look at him now. As he stands there parleying with his conscience they seem to ask him, "Will you reduce us all to poverty? Will you fail to fulfill your promises and cast us out of that social position in which are to be found our friends and happiness and future hopes; and that too all for a scruple that men as good as yourself have disregarded? Will you do all this to us whom you profess to love?" The poor father is distracted and distraught. In him we behold once more the victim of a divided allegiance—the high allegiance to conscience—to the demands of commercial and political integrity and the allegiance to the earthly fortunes and desires of his children. The one allegiance has become inimical to the other. The allegiance to sons and daughters demands an act of treason to conscience: whereas conscience declares, "He that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me."

It is thus that truth and justice demand the supreme and unqualified allegiance of the human soul; and it is because Jesus rendered this allegiance to them; it is because he embodied in his life and personality a whole-hearted devotion to their cause (*i. e.*, to God); it is because of this that he can say, "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; and he that loveth son or daughter more than me, is not worthy of me. And he that taketh not his cross and followeth after me, is not worthy of me."

The affirmation of the passage we have quoted is then substantially this; that, to be worthy of Jesus and of the moral heroes of our race the allegiance to truth and righteousness must be supreme in human lives; and what I wish to do this morning is to speak of this supreme allegiance; its nature, its requirements and its results. And first as to its nature.

Of allegiances there are of course many kinds. Englishmen have just taken the oath of allegiance to their new King Edward VII., which means that they have promised to be faithful to him and their country as against all other rulers and countries of the world. Again a man swears allegiance to the woman whom he makes his wife; which means that he has promised to forsake all others and cleave only unto her so long as they both shall live. But both of these allegiances—the allegiance to wife and the allegiance to country—are made as sacred as they are by the professed or implied allegiance to the moral order which accompanies them. The political oath of allegiance concludes with the words, "So help me God," and the marital promises are in most cases confessedly made in the presence of God and in accordance with his holy ordinance. Hence it is that in both of these solemn

acts of fealty there is a yet higher allegiance acknowledged, viz., the allegiance to God, or the eternal reality of righteousness, which means of course that should the king demand of his subjects or husbands require of their wives that which their consciences disallow their oaths of allegiance would be no longer in force and their marriage vows would cease to be binding. Subjects cannot expect the God on whom they call to help them if, at the command of the king or in the name of country, they proceed to commit what they know to be acts of wickedness; neither does the wife's promise to obey her husband compel her in honor to lie or steal because her husband tells her to. Above all other allegiances then stands loyalty to truth and righteousness—that allegiance to personal rectitude of mind and character which is at once the preservation of the individual and social conscience and fealty to the "Eternal Verities."

Above all other allegiances, therefore, stands confessedly the allegiance to the great spiritual Reality of Righteousness which most men call God. Nobody denies it, although some may quarrel about terms and definitions. Everybody admits it. I had almost said that this is the worst of it; because it so often happens that what everybody admits and nobody dreams of challenging, gets side-tracked or thrust into a corner in order to make room for those more absorbing topics about which people differ. Certain it is, however, that universally admitted principles get sadly neglected. Somebody reminds us of them and we say, "Oh, yes; certainly, that is so," and then, having dismissed from our mind what we regard as trite and matter-of-course, we begin at once to indulge thoughts and perform deeds which are the direct repudiation of our too easily confessed and admitted

truths. All of which leads me to deliver myself of the well-worn platitude that allegiance to God or Righteousness is much more than a phrase and demands far more at our hands than a passing nod of uninterested and unmoved acquiescence. The mere assent of the lips to the supremacy of the divine allegiance does not therefore admit us into the nature of that allegiance or tell us what it is. Indeed the spread of what I may call "the allegiance of the phrase" is sometimes the cloak of a more or less pronounced hypocrisy, but far more frequently it is the occasion for that form of fond illusion in which we persuade ourselves, through vain repetitions of the phrase, that we are followers of Jesus or Disciples of Righteousness, when in reality we are not. It is when everybody confesses Jesus in the Churches and whole nations call themselves Christian *en bloc* that disloyalty to Jesus is apt to be most widespread and profound. It is when loyalty is conventional that it becomes hollow and unreal. Men come for example into the Churches and ascribe to Jesus all manner of marvellous deeds and smother him with honorific titles. They declare him to be the only begotten Son of God and the second person of the ever adorable Trinity. They affirm their belief in his virgin birth and in his performance of countless miracles; and then, comforted no doubt by such profuse professions, and feeling assured, through the sound of many words, of their own untroubled loyalty, they sally forth into the world again and not merely do the things which Jesus told them not to do (for such deeds in moments of weakness or of sudden temptation the best of men commit), but publicly advocate principles that Jesus repudiated and persistently pursue courses of conduct which he condemned. They cry Lord! Lord! with great frequency and unction, but

they do not the things the Lord said. They cry Lord! Lord! and then strive for the chief places in church and state and are painfully eager to be called Rabbi. They cry Lord! Lord! and then lay up for themselves a great treasure upon earth from which they hold themselves quite capable to keep away the moths and rust. They cry Lord! Lord! and then having confessed their love for a leader they have never seen proceed forthwith to avenge themselves or gratify their petty hatreds upon the brethren whom they have seen. They cry Lord! Lord! all glory to the Prince of Peace! and then go forth to draw and use the very sword which Jesus commanded to be put up into its sheath. And all this is not done in heat and under the pressure of sudden temptation, but on the contrary is calmly followed as a continuous policy. Each separate course of disloyalty is committed not as a sin to be repented of, but as conduct to be maintained and vindicated. It is thus that many people, with their mouths full of the phraseology of Christianity, have at the same time justified of late the iniquities of trade and the atrocities of war. They have not only declared that such acts were not disloyalties to Jesus but have also speciously contended in the name of that ambiguous God called Civilization, that murder and robbery and arson were heralds of a brighter day and forerunners of the kingdom of heaven. Now it is this disloyalty not of an occasional deed of impulse but of a persistent policy of conduct that pours contempt upon the loyal professions of words and phrases and at the same time shows us that to make our allegiance to God supreme in fact we must be capable of far more than the pious cry of Lord! Lord! and even *do* the things the Lord said. The nature of the supreme allegiance is then not an allegiance of phrase alone but an allegiance of life.

But do we realize what this means and what it requires at our hands? Well, it means forswearing every other allegiance—allegiance to personal career, race, family, church, country—when these otherwise legitimate allegiances conflict with the supreme allegiance to conscience and the great Realities of truth and righteousness. And this requires as we shall see later on, moral strength and insight and the heroism of self-sacrifice; for it is when these lower allegiances rise up and rebel against the dominion of the supreme allegiance that the moral conflict of life begins. And that which adds to its bitterness and contributes over and over again to spiritual defeat is the fact that friends and relatives, father and mother, son and daughter take sides against the man who would assert the supremacy of truth and righteousness. Will you spoil your business and political prospects? Will you take the bread and butter out of your children's mouths? Will you antagonize the chief men of your church or party? Will you compel your wife to live in humble surroundings and your boys to forego a college training? Will you make promotion for yourself impossible by opposing popular wars and economic heresies? Such are the appeals and arguments which often enough are urged by fond and foolish hearts who fancy that they love us, but who in reality and after all are chiefly concerned for the success of our earthly ambitions and for the material and social benefits that will incidentally accrue therefrom to themselves. Such are the appeals and arguments that often enough assail a man when he would stand out for truth and justice and render them the homage of a supreme allegiance. It is then that many a person has realized that "a man's foes are they of his own household"; and, in that hour of bitterness, there have come to him across the in-

tervening centuries those memorable words of Jesus, "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me: and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me. And he that taketh not his cross and followeth after me is not worthy of me."

It is therefore the conflict of these lower allegiances with the supreme allegiance which leads on the one hand to compromise, worldliness and moral infidelity and on the other to those refinements and ennoblements of character which are the true manifestations of Righteousness and the salvation of the world. And first there are those moral defeats which consist, remember, in the renunciation of the supreme allegiance when it opposes a particular method of advancing trade or a transient hour of national prestige or a fleeting moment of worldly self-interest. The desire to make one's way, to amass a fortune, to increase the sway of one's native land, to find a market for one's goods—all these are potent and legitimate factors in human life and in the progress of society; but when, in the shortsightedness of man and in obedience to these desires the moral laws are openly violated: when in the prosecution of trade or empire justice and mercy are cast to the winds and brutal passions roused up from their slumbers and turned loose in all their fury upon whole communities of fellow-men: when all this is done not by Huns and Vandals, but by nominal Christian statesmen who send forth what are called Christian armies to loot and ravage foreign lands: when all this is publicly advocated or silently condoned at home, not by acknowledged atheists and confessed criminals, but by professedly religious people who cause the walls of their churches to echo and resound again to the long phrases of their litanies and creeds: when the just and loving Jesus has been actually

dethroned and cast out by many of his officers and courtiers who still insist upon ascribing to him all his titular dignities; when all this happens, then it is that the profoundest infidelities of the human heart are awakened, and it is not merely Chinamen who fail to see wherein the practical superiority of Christianity to Confucianism really lies, but also thousands of thoughtful men all over Europe and throughout this country begin to ask themselves if there is such a thing after all as genuine faith in righteousness and in the principles of Jesus if, when Christian people are tempted with trade or territory, they are ready to renounce the supreme allegiance to Righteousness required by their professions and serve forthwith the gods of silver and gold—the work of men's hands; yes, not only serve them but defend the service as in the long run the only practical way of bettering the world and bringing it to God? It is this persistent renunciation of practical Christianity, together with the theoretical defences of this renunciation presented by influential laymen and highly-placed dignitaries of the church, which has begotten the profoundest doubts and strengthened the most fundamental infidelities. Men all over the world are asking themselves to-day, "Is there indeed a righteous God and is justice an integral part of the constitution of the universe when those who have sworn allegiance to the Prince of Peace and the God of Mercy condone and advocate the horrors of the Chinese war?" It is only of late that the full horrors of that war have begun to be known. They have indeed been manifest from the beginning to those who had the imagination to read between the lines, but Sir Robert Hart, whose competency as a witness no one can deny, declares in the *Fortnightly Review* that "the days of Taepingdom when native warred with native

showed nothing worse than the atrocities committed by the allied forces in China."

What sort of a manifestation of Jesus have the Christian nations made to the so-called Gentiles of China? Let Dr. Dillon, another competent witness writing in the *Contemporary Review*, reply: "The worst," he says, "is too foul and terrible to mention here," but he adds, "I knew of others whose wives and daughters hanged themselves on trees or drowned themselves in garden-wells in order to escape a much worse lot. Chinese women honestly believed that no more terrible fate could overtake them than to fall alive into the hands of Europeans and Americans. And it is to be feared that they were right. Buddhism and Confucianism have their martyrs to chastity, whose heroic feats no martyrology will ever record. Some of those obscure but right-minded girls and women hurled themselves into the river, and, finding only three feet of water there, kept their heads under the surface until death had set his seal on the sacrifice of their life." Think of it, ladies and gentlemen of the Ethical Society, "Chinese women honestly believed that no more terrible fate could overtake them than to fall alive into the hands of Europeans and Americans." Such has been the moral exhibition of themselves which the Christian nations, in the name of civilization and with the express intent of punishing the barbarities of heathendom, have made and given. And the cause? It is found in the express repudiation of that supreme allegiance to justice and mercy which is the prime essential of Christian faith and character. The nations have loved gold and territory and the prestige of physical force more than they have loved the virtues and the principles of Jesus, and it is therefore no

wonder that in the things which they have done, they have proved themselves unworthy of him.

It is because the Rev. Mr. Ament has loved his church and her temporal possessions more than the ethical principles of his professed Master that he has not only failed to exhibit the morality of Jesus to the Gentile world, but also lost the chance of elevating that world and opening its eyes to the spiritual verities of Christianity. He has indeed reimbursed his Chinese converts for their losses of stock and merchandise. Gold and property have been returned to his hands together with an exorbitant rate of interest. But how were these material possessions in which he glories and for which he sacrificed so much, obtained? There can be no longer any doubt that they were obtained by theft and extortion—by adopting not Christian but Chinese methods and not the best Chinese methods at that. It is true that Dr. Ament did not exact thirteen-fold for the losses he sustained, that was a typographical error, but it is also true that he insisted upon having one-third more than his actual damages. That the extortion of this “one-third more” was an act of theft there can be no question; that it was forced from the pockets of the innocent as well as the guilty is equally certain; and yet both Dr. Ament and the American Board defend these immoral proceedings upon the ground that they are the only ones which Chinamen can understand. In other words righteousness is too good for these benighted heathen and therefore, resourceful and versatile persons like Dr. Ament and the members of the American Board stand ready to provide them with something else, viz., unrighteousness, in order that the church they represent in China may be provided with a local habitation and a name. Thus in the name of the church and out of

professed loyalty to it is justice outraged and mercy taken by the throat. And it is because the church and its temporal prospects are valued above the kingdom of God and his eternal righteousness that the American Board and many eminent clergymen defend Mr. Ament and his pious frauds. It is because men love their churches more than righteousness that iniquities done in the name of the church are condoned and the subtlest and most corrupting infidelity in all the world confirmed and propagated—namely, moral infidelity.

But thank God there is another alternative of action and another issue to the conflict which arises when the lower allegiances of race and family and church and country assail the supreme allegiance to truth and justice. The alternative, of course, is the assertion of the supremacy of righteousness. It has been adopted by all the moral heroes of the world and has led to those noble conquests of pride and personal ambition which are at once the glory of mankind and the ground of its continuing faith. It was adopted by Sir Thomas More when turning a deaf ear to the entreaties of his wife he preserved his loyalty to truth and conscience even unto death. It was adopted by Father Damian when he went on his heroic mission to the lepers. It was adopted by Colonel Picquart when he renounced all hopes of a career to see that justice was obtained for Dreyfuss. It was adopted by Leo Tolstoy when he made the cause of mercy and right the supreme allegiance of his life, and thereby renounced the growing fame of the literary artist and the good will of the authorities in church and state. And it is adopted daily by thousands of unknown, unhistoric people who voluntarily elect obscurity, unpopularity or worldly failure rather than subordinate the supreme allegiance of the soul

to the inferior loyalties of church or family or native land. But such high-minded conduct as this has its requirements. What are they? I answer, they are moral insight, intellectual integrity and sacrifice.

The needfulness of moral insight, if the allegiance to righteousness is to be real, all of us must have felt during the past few years—years in which the phraseology of morality has been nauseatingly prominent and the deeds of morality conspicuously absent. No sooner has the Administration committed the act which it has previously characterized as one of “criminal aggression” than the act itself ceases to be looked upon as either criminal or aggressive. No sooner has the Administration refused to perform what, but a few hours before, it recognized as a “plain duty” than the plain duty immediately disappears and the place thereof knows it no more. No sooner has the Administration refused to keep faith with Cuba in certain important particulars, than the consciousness of any disparateness between its promises and its performances vanishes away. And this is true not only of the Administration but of the rank and file of its supporters everywhere. More than one of these supporters whom I have met of late have expressed themselves unable to see anything in the Platt amendment which is morally inconsistent with the Teller resolution. Which amounts of course to saying that after the United States has publicly disclaimed any disposition or intention to exercise “sovereignty, jurisdiction or control over said island,” it is in every way honorable and in thorough harmony with this disclaimer for it to turn straight round and demand coaling stations of the Cubans together with the acknowledged right to intervene as it deems fit in Cuban affairs. Such is the blindness which the supremacy of

party interest or of native land evokes. Surely if righteousness is to be supreme we must, at the least and to begin with, have a moral vision that does not blink or distort the plain facts of the moral world.

But in order that righteousness may be made the supreme allegiance of life we need more than moral insight. We need intellectual integrity. Here again is another want of which the talk of the past few years has made us painfully conscious. No sooner have men closed their eyes to plain duties and manifest contradictions than they begin at once to justify their obliquities of deed and vision. Tariffs that once were recognized as iniquitous robberies are now described as needed "deeds of mercy," while acts of tyranny and interference expressly repudiated in the past become but the wise and tender forethought of a "philanthropic people."

Such is the intellectual perfidy which comes to the assistance of moral blunders. And the cause of it is to be found in the practical supremacy of something else than righteousness in the individual and national heart. It is because men value party more than righteousness that they endeavor to justify the crooked things of party rather than to make them straight. It is because men glory in country rather than in righteousness that they espouse and defend a national iniquity instead of righting it. Surely righteousness can never be won after this fashion. If we are ever to dwell within the region of what Mr. Morley calls "the direct categorical proposition and the unambiguous term," we must place the processes of logic at the disposal of the upright heart. It is only when intellect is enlisted in the cause of righteousness that the integrity of her judgments can be assured and the supremacy of righteousness maintained.

A third requirement of such high-minded conduct as we observe in those who make the cause of righteousness the supreme allegiance of their lives, is sacrifice. It is no doubt the most important requirement of all, because it is an act of the will and involves conduct and brings experience. It is the sacrifices that a man makes for truth and righteousness which not only strengthen his spirit but clarify his vision and purify his intelligence as well. "To suffer for righteousness' sake" is to get both a clearer insight into the nature of righteousness for one's self and to proclaim and expound its nature to others. Oftentimes it means the estrangement of friends, the reproach of relatives for not being more of a worldly success, the reputation of deficient patriotism, the charge of heresy and schism.

The sacrifices too that are made by men for principle's sake in opposition to the appeals of family or the current ideas of loyalty to church or state are not the sacrifices which bring them popular applause. They get but few words of encouragement as they pursue their lonely way; and, when they die, they hear no welcome shouts of comrades such as greet the fallen soldier's ears. The multitude is not on their side, neither can it understand their lofty loyalty. Allegiance to country which shows itself upon the battlefield and in the patriot's death is palpable to all. For such the world stands ready to erect monuments and publish memorials and vote pensions. The penalty of loyalty to God, however, as the long list of martyrs for truth and righteousness proclaims, is only too frequently popular misapprehension or social ostracism. Men die for country and the populace shouts itself hoarse. It can put its fingers into their wounds, handle the swords and rifles that did the bloody work, visit the

battlefields where the patriots fell. Such a loyalty as this they can understand. It can be seen and touched and handled. But when men resign fortunes and turn their backs on worldly success and oppose popular fallacies and rebuke national sins—loyalty like this awakens resentment and fury. The allegiance to righteousness which requires opposition to man the multitude cannot tolerate. Hence it is that the road to the many calvaries of the world, both small and great, is long and lonely, while those who travel it are apt to be spit upon and buffeted most of the way. Loyalty to Cæsar the mob can understand and loyalty to Judea it will welcome with huzzas; but loyalty to God which, as the supreme allegiance of life, condemns national sins and preaches the doctrine of "love your enemies," it will neither hearken to nor have.

It cannot be denied therefore that the requirement of a supreme allegiance when forced into inevitable opposition to lower loyalties is sacrifice. In order to be loyal to principles salaries must often be given up, positions abandoned, careers cut short, popularity renounced, hatreds provoked, abuse and falsehood borne. But he that taketh not his cross and followeth after me is no worthy of me, says the greatest moral hero of them all.

If such are the requirements of the supreme allegiance look for a moment at one or two of its results. The very men whom the mob despises and crucifies because of their incomprehensible loyalty to an invisible reality—the principles of truth and justice—these men become the heroes of future generations and the inspirations of church and state. It is the tombs of the Prophets that are garnished by succeeding ages, and the words and examples of the Prophets that are the faith and hope of the world. Men look up to them out of the sordid scramble

of daily life and say to themselves, "Ah! these were men who really believed; men who put principle above expediency, truth above success, Jesus above family and friends, righteousness above all fortune and renown. The moral world is not a dream or idle fancy after all. The spiritual heroes of all time reveal and establish it."

Such then is the supreme and glorious result of loyalty to Righteousness. It is a revelation of the moral world and an assurance of its reality. What then, as believers in righteousness, is our mission to the community? What do our Sunday meetings, our sermons and lectures and publications, our professions of fealty to righteousness mean? Surely they can only mean this, that we shall make allegiance to truth and righteousness the supreme allegiance of life; that when father or mother or church or country asks us to do things that this supreme allegiance disallows we shall remember the words of Jesus, "He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me and he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me, and he that taketh not his cross and followeth after me is not worthy of me"; yes, not only remember the words but act upon them, not only employ the phrases of morality and cry Lord! Lord! but bravely do the things the Lord said.

But to be equal to such a task as this we must become better men ourselves; "our day of small calculations and petty utilities must first pass away; our vision of the true expediencies must reach further and deeper; our resolution to search for the highest verities, to give up all and follow them, must first become the supreme part of ourselves."

HUXLEY'S ATTITUDE TOWARDS RELIGION.*

BY FELIX ADLER.

"I am full of faults, but I am real and true." These are words which occur in a letter of Huxley's to his Australian fiancée, to whom he was engaged for eight years, separated from her by the breadth of the sea, for the most part, before they were happily married. "I am full of faults, but I am real and true." There are few more lovable personalities than that of Thomas Henry Huxley as he has revealed himself to us in his writings and, especially, in his published letters. He was a man who may be numbered with the intellectual giants; a man of remarkable and versatile genius, of wide information, an omnivorous reader, an acute, swift and brilliant thinker, a redoubtable champion of any cause that he might undertake; a brilliant fencer, quick at repartee; but, above all, a man who deserves and receives the highest respect because of his noble character. He began life at the bottom. For years and years it was a hard struggle. A struggle for bread: he was poor, the son of an unknown schoolmaster. A struggle for an education: his outfit, originally, was very meagre; he had to a large extent, to educate himself, as so many other great men have done. A struggle out of the depths of obscurity. A

* Given before the Society for Ethical Culture of New York, Sunday, January 27, 1901.

struggle against the dignitaries of Church and State, against persecution and obloquy. And yet, at the end of his struggle—yes, midway in his career, he found himself occupying a foremost place in the world of science—a place which he maintained and made good, and to which his title became ever clearer and surer; and finally he succeeded, despite his heterodoxy, despite his fearless championship of unwelcome and unpopular truths, in winning, as it were, the universal esteem of England and of the civilized world. Honors were heaped upon him. The Queen made him a Privy Councillor; he became president of the British Association; president, finally, also, of the Royal Society—the highest honor to which an English man of science can aspire. It is a wonderful career, that of the schoolmaster's son: the young assistant surgeon, with all sorts of queer notions in his head, who believed that he had discovered perpetual motion, and had other wild and vague fancies—the uninstructed, undeveloped, raw youth, and then that brilliant man—a man not only of authority in science, but one whose influence was felt in the world of affairs. He was a member of many royal commissions, a member of the London School Board; an effective citizen, in short a man who “had graduated from every human relationship.”

What we are always interested in, when we care about a man's achievements, when we see the kind of gun he is firing, is the man himself behind the gun. It is the fashion, in discussing distinguished persons, as a rule, to speak of them first in their capacity as workers. If it be a physician, to speak of his work as a physician and then to speak of him as a man; to speak of a scientist as a scientist, and then as a man; to speak of a statesman as

a statesman, and then as a man—as if the two points of view were separable. Speaking for myself I may say that my own intense curiosity, always, is about the man; and my interest in the scientist is to see what kind of a man science has made of him. Indeed, all our vocations, all our professions, have this for their highest object: to make men of us. And every vocation has this peculiar value that there is some trait of manhood which it serves to develop, not equally developed by other vocations. I repeat I am interested in the man Huxley and I doubt not that you are. And there are some traits of his character of which in introducing my remarks I wish to speak.

In the first place, I have been struck by the words which he wrote down on his voyage to Australia at the time when he began his work as a naturalist: "To work for the good that I can get out of the work for myself, no matter whether the work will go to the bottom of the sea, and I along with it." He did not mean that that is all, but his words show the high value he set on the retroactive influence of the work alone on the worker.

His self-questioning spirit is illustrated by a remark in a letter to his fiancée, written when it seemed that there would be no opening for him in science; though all the while he passionately clung to science as his career. "I feel," he says, "that I cannot give up the pursuit of science. It is life to me; and yet I sometimes ask myself whether this clinging to science is not a refined form of selfishness after all," and he has thoughts of giving up his scientific pursuits, and turning to anything that may come to hand, in order to make a living, and to end the intolerable state of suspense in which he and his betrothed were kept.

Another trait of his character that is very interesting and deeply instructive, is his humility: yes, more than humility. There are traces of self-reproach that remind one of the confessions of a man like Rousseau. I have often called attention to the fact that in the lives of the noblest men there is this note of self-reproach. We find it clearly so in Tennyson, if we have ears to hear; and so also in Huxley. A recent reviewer of his book has said that "one is almost alarmed by the terrible frankness of this passage." I should rather say that one is instructed—deeply instructed by it. He came into the world, he says, as a boy without guide or training—with worse than none. "I confess to my shame that few men have drunk deeper of all kinds of sin than I. Happily my course was arrested in time, before I had earned absolute destruction; and for long years I have been slowly and painfully climbing, with many a fall, toward better things." This is in his letters. In his public writings, there is more veiled reference to the same facts; where he speaks, for instance, with contempt, of the application which some superficial persons have made of the Darwinian theory, viz., that as the struggle for existence is the means of progress, and as only the fit ought to survive, therefore we should deliberately extirpate the unfit. He says, "Apart from other reasons against pursuing this course, who will undertake to say which one of his fellow-men is the unfit person? How many seemingly unfit persons have demonstrated later on, their fitness"; and further he says, "Anyone who knows much about life—who has looked into the lives of others, and into his own—will probably discover that at some time in his career, he might very well have been classed among the unfit, and

extirpated, if that were the rule." Frankness, honesty, sincerity: these constitute the keynote of Huxley's life, and of his work. "Great is Truth, and it will prevail"—is the motto, which he is forever repeating.

Huxley was a great champion, as we all know, of the new Evolutionary theory; along with Darwin and Spencer, the leading champions of it; and as an expositor his work was, perhaps, more important than that of either of the two others. "Darwin's bull-dog," he calls himself somewhere. He was, in a sense, the leading authority on the general theory of evolution, apart from the specific hypothesis of natural selection with which Darwin's name is more intimately connected. And in the course of his advocacy of Darwinism, he was led into bitter conflicts with the authorities of Church and State. Mr. Gladstone, specially, was his great opponent, and among statesmen and among churchmen, the number of those who attacked him was legion; perhaps the best known being Bishop Wilberforce of Oxford. In the course of these struggles, Huxley developed remarkable powers of style—keenness, skill in coining epithets that adhered, and skill in exposing the faults and the ignorance of those who presumed, on an insufficient basis of knowledge, to attack the new ideas. Every one knows, for instance, the famous reply he made to the Bishop of Oxford, when the latter, with inconceivable brutality—inconceivable especially in a Bishop of the Church—asked Mr. Huxley in a public meeting, whether he traced his descent from an ape on the side of his grandfather, or of his grandmother; Huxley, rising to reply, said in substance, "I see no reason to be ashamed even if an ape was among my distant ancestors; but if there were any occasion for shame,

it would be if I were descended from a man—" and then he proceeded to characterize the Bishop of Oxford.

Huxley's characterizations are inimitable. He has metaphors so fresh, so unusual, and so brilliant, that one turns over with inexhaustible pleasure the pages of his essays, if only for the enjoyment of the qualities of his style. As to the epithets he is fond of coining, here are a few examples: "I am not afraid of the Bishops. The scientific method is the white ant, destroying their fortifications." Mr. Gladstone he speaks of as the "Copious shuffler." Fanatical, evangelical movements he characterizes as "Corybantic Christianity." Cardinal Newman he describes as one of those acute sophists who employ the intellect as a burglar employs a dark lantern—for the discovery of the weak spots of others, while at the same time carefully turning away the light from their own position. But it would lead too far if we were to attempt to go further into the region of Huxley's felicities and, shall we add, acerbities of style.

He was, as I have said, above all, a man almost fanatically devoted to what he held to be the Truth. "I am full of faults, but I am real and true." And he showed this in one way which it seems to me is of particular interest. There are men who put forth theories and speculations, and who seem to be running a race with other theorists and speculators, always conscious of their competitors. Not that they are striving merely for triumph in debate, for victory; on the contrary, they are biased in favor of certain convictions, and it seems that they need to confirm their faith in their own theories by beating down the theories of others—by outstripping the others who are running with them in the same race. If their theories are

accepted by others, if they can hold their ground against all comers, they are satisfied. What others will say, how others will regard them, whether others will receive or reject their views—that is with them an ever present anxiety. But there are a few men who forget the others; who seem to go out to the shore of the Infinite Sea, and to stand there solitary; who go out to meet the Sphinx, and grapple with her and not with man. Their whole mind is absorbed in trying to read that riddle which she propounds. They, too, pay attention to what others say. Any objections that are raised must be met; but their object is not attained, when they have repelled objections. They themselves raise other, more subtle objections. They constantly invent new doubts. Their aim is to vanquish the Sphinx, not their competitors. These are the really great men. Their number is small, among philosophers, thinkers, scientists. It would, perhaps, be too much to say that Huxley realized this ideal. It is within bounds to say that he kept it constantly before him.

And now since the man is of such large proportions, and the time at command so very limited, I have decided to select two of his utterances, to which to direct your special attention: his letters to Kingsley and his Romanes lecture; the one near the beginning of his career and the other at the end. Huxley, as has been stated, was no narrow specialist. In his writings we find apart from his contributions to his own particular department of knowledge, essays on a most remarkable variety of subjects; essays on government, on education, on the universities as they are and should be, and also essays on the labor question. He was in deep, close sympathy with

the working classes. His lectures to workmen were the means of bringing forward some of the very best things he did. Some of his very best work he prepared originally for the benefit of workmen. He believed the *best* to be none too good for them. So the field for possible discussion is vast. I trust that you will not get the impression that I am trying to give an account of Huxley. I have selected just one aspect of his life and of his thought: his attitude toward religion. I shall speak first of his Kingsley letters, then of the Romanes address; and between the two shall indicate my own attitude toward agnosticism, because I may as well say at the outset that, great as my admiration for Huxley is, I most heartily dissent from some of his most important views on the subject of religion.

The correspondence with Kingsley was called forth by the death of Huxley's first child—his little Noel—a blue-eyed, golden-haired boy, to whom the father was passionately attached. In fact, his domestic attachments were extremely intense. He says in one place, after the loss of another child, "I felt like a wounded beast that wants to hide itself." Shortly before Noel died, the boy had been in perfect health; then came the sickness with its terrible mental strain, and the sight of the inconsolable grief of his wife. All this, with his own sense of desolation, brought him very near to the verge of complete prostration. At that time Kingsley wrote to him, offering him the consolations of the Church. Huxley says, in answer, "My convictions, positive and negative, on all the matters of which you speak, are of long and slow growth, and are firmly rooted. But the great blow which fell upon me seemed to stir them to their foundation; and had I

lived a couple of centuries earlier, I could have fancied a devil scoffing at me and them, and asking me, what profit it was to have stripped myself of the hopes and the consolations of the mass of mankind? To which my only reply was and is—Oh, devil! truth is better than much profit. I have searched over the grounds of my belief, and if wife and child and name and fame were all to be lost to me, one after the other, as the penalty, still I will not lie.” And again, let me read this passage: “As I stood beside the coffin of my little son the other day, with my mind bent on anything but disputation, the officiating minister read, as a part of his duty, the words, ‘If the dead rise not again, let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.’ I cannot tell you how inexpressibly they shocked me. Paul had neither wife nor child, or he must have known that his alternative involved a blasphemy against all that is best and noblest in human nature. I could have laughed with scorn. What! Because I am face to face with irreparable loss; because I have given back to the source from whence it came, the cause of a great happiness—still retaining through all my life the blessings which have sprung and will spring from that cause, I am to renounce my manhood, and, howling, grovel in bestiality! Why, the very apes know better; and if you shoot their young, the poor brutes grieve their grief out, and do not immediately seek distraction in a gorge.” So far I agree; and I imagine we shall all agree. We must agree with him that, whether the dead rise again or not, whether death ends all or not, there is no ground for saying, “Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.” The higher life attests itself as higher, it is good to be good, no matter what may come after.

But there are certain other points in this correspondence with which I do not equally find myself in agreement. For instance, Huxley thinks that man must be like a little child before a fact. We must submit to facts; for instance, the fact of the death of a child, because it is inevitable—just as pious people, in the olden time, submitted to the decrees of God. Yes, but is there not a striking difference? The pious believer submits to the decree of God not only because it is inevitable, but because he believes it to be wise—because he believes that a wise being who orders all things for the best, has ordained this loss, this bereavement, and that some good will come out of the evil. But why should we submit in resignation to a dull, brutal fact? to something that happens merely because it cannot help happening—without rhyme or reason or aim or purpose—with no good ever to come from it? Huxley often expatiates on the intellectual enjoyment of the scientist in contemplating the intricate mechanism of this world. And undoubtedly the beautiful operation of a complicated mechanism, especially for one who understands its complications and intricacies—is a source of high intellectual enjoyment. But take the case of a workman who has, perhaps, through no fault of his own, been pushed against a machine, and whose arm is caught in the wheels, is it not too much to ask of him to admire the beautiful and smooth working of the machine in the very moment that his limb is torn out from its socket? And in like manner is it not too much to ask of a human heart that lies bleeding and crushed, to admire the wonderful smoothness of the operation of this world's mechanism, at the very moment when itself is the victim? Again, Huxley says that the system of things is

absolutely just. (I do not think he would have said this in his Romanes lecture. On the contrary, the gist of the Romanes address seems to point the other way.) And why just? "Because we must take into account," he tells us, "that we are punished for transgressions of the physical laws just as we are for transgression of moral laws. But is it just that we be so punished? Is it just that a man shall be punished for eating that which is poisonous, though he does not know it to be poisonous? Is it just that we should be punished for exposing ourselves to the influence of germs in the air, of whose existence we are unaware? Is it just that a person who is suffering from an inherited disease should be punished because of the ignorance or viciousness of some ancestor? Is it just that "the fathers should eat sour grapes, and the children's teeth be set on edge." I do not see that this Cosmodicy advances us at all toward the understanding of the problem.

Again, Huxley says that the more we fathom natural phenomena, the more do we realize the passionless and impersonal nature of the world, of the Cosmos. But it seems to me that he has curiously slipped in making this statement. We may interpret the world in terms of Matter, or of Mind; but if we do either, we transgress the limits which agnosticism must set itself. Material phenomena are passionless and impersonal. Man, in his thoughts, in his acts, in his feelings, is inspired by personal motives; but if the unknown that lies beyond both matter and mind—of which Agnosticism speaks—if the Unknown be strictly unknown, then it is just as illegitimate to speak of it as impersonal, as it is to speak of it as personal.

Again, Huxley says that he cannot believe in immortality. "Pray understand that I have no *a priori* objections to the doctrine. No man who has to deal daily and hourly with nature can trouble himself about *a priori* difficulties. Give me such evidence as would justify me in believing anything else, and I will believe that. Why should I not? It is not half so wonderful as the conservation of force, or the indestructibility of matter. Whoso clearly appreciates all that is implied in the falling of a stone can have no difficulty about any doctrine simply on account of its marvellousness." But when he speaks of gravitation, he says, he knows what he means; and he will not rest his life and hopes on any weaker conviction. Now here we come to the crucial point—to the question of Agnosticism itself. "Give me such evidence as justifies me in believing in the law of gravitation, and I will believe in Immortality." Agnosticism—what is it? Huxley was the inventor of the term. He gives us, in his playful way, an account of the manner in which he came to employ it. He was a member of the Metaphysical Society, which had on its roll some of the most distinguished Englishmen; and he found that all his fellow-members had some label, some "ism" which they believed in: Theism, Pantheism, Positivism, etc. He was the only member of the Society who had no label. He found himself, as he says, in the painful position of the historical fox, after he had escaped from the trap, without his caudal appendage. And realizing that it would be impossible for him to persuade the gentlemen of the Metaphysical Society to cut off their "isms," he saw that it would be necessary for him to assimilate himself to them, and procure a tail. All this in a vein of banter; but the intention underneath

was serious enough. His Christian friends called him Atheist. He said, "I am not an Atheist. An Atheist is one who knows that there is no God. I do not know." Others called him infidel. He said, "In a certain sense, I am an infidel; but the name does not describe me. It is not that I do not believe, I should be ready enough to believe, if I saw reason for doing so. It is that I do not know, and do not pretend to know." So, remembering the use of the term "Gnostic" by certain early Christian sects, who pretended to know a great deal about the other world, he deliberately chose, in antithesis to them, the term "Agnostic," meaning, one who does not know. Does God exist? "I do not know." (Yet one sees that, besides not knowing, he also does not believe.) Is there a soul? "I do not know; but I see no reason for supposing that there is." Is the moral ideal of mankind likely to be realized? "I do not know; but I see no reason for supposing that it will." You observe how far-reaching his Agnosticism is, how deep it cuts.

And now this question,—am I also an Agnostic?—is a very important one for each of us to answer. I cannot say, "Are we?" for we, as a body, are not called upon to take sides; but are you, individually, and am I, an Agnostic? "What then are you?" is the question that has been put to me. "What is your ticket? What is your label?" I have felt inclined to say, when they asked, "Who are you? What are you?"—"Well, I am growing. I am living my life along certain lines. Why not be patient with a very insignificant tree in the human orchard, and allow it to develop and bear fruit, if it can, and then you will be able to tell by the fruit what manner of tree it is—whether it be an apple tree, perchance, or

a pear tree, or mere shiftless wood, bearing no fruit whatever." I have often had a feeling of resentment at the innuendo, that, like the trees in our park, one must carry his ticket on the trunk for the information of the curious passers-by. And yet it is not entirely safe to take this attitude, because it is attended by a serious inconvenience; the same kind of inconvenience that one encounters in dealing with the reporters of the press. You may refuse them an interview, but you do so at the peril of having them construct an interview for you "out of the whole cloth." And, in like manner, if you refuse to ticket yourself, the likelihood is that you will be ticketed by somebody else, and wrongly ticketed to boot. Now, then, you will pardon the adoption on my part, of the device of contrast as a means of bringing out both Huxley's position and my own.

Huxley says that before he believes a thing he requires the same kind of evidence as that upon which the law of gravitation rests. Now is that a fair thing to ask, in connection with the subject we are discussing? Is it perfectly fair to apply this standard to anything that happens in time, that comes within human experience? For instance, to the question whether Jesus walked on the face of the waters, or whether he resurrected from the grave, or changed water into wine. But there are kinds of truths which do not rest on inductive evidence at all; and yet Huxley himself firmly maintains and holds them. For instance, he believes in the indestructibility of matter, and in the conservation of energy. How does he know that matter is indestructible? How much of the matter that fills the world has ever been weighed? Only an infinitesimal fraction of it. How does he know

that energy is conserved? How much of the energy of the world has ever been measured? Only an infinitesimal fraction. And yet Huxley is perfectly right in making these statements, because these are truths which, indeed, themselves cannot be verified, but which are the necessary presuppositions of those truths that can be verified. Unless we assume that matter cannot be destroyed, cannot be lost; and that energy is equally incapable of being effaced; unless we assume these things science is at an end; all the calculations of the physicist and the chemist are likely to be falsified. You cannot take a step toward the attainment of scientific truth, without assuming these truths, and yet they are not truths resting on inductive evidence.

Now why, I ask, should it not be legitimate for us to take an analogous position in regard to ethics, and to say that certain things are true, that we believe them, not because we can verify them, but because they are the assumptions which are necessary in order that there may be ethics. To indicate what I mean, I should say that there are three such assumptions: one is Moral Freedom; the other is Personality. I shall mention the last presently. Moral freedom means: "I ought; therefore I can." If your actions are so determined beforehand by your heredity, by your environment, by your education, that you have no choice—that you have just got to act as you do; then it is absurd to speak of moral obligation. You are no more under obligation than a stone is when it falls to the earth. If there be such a thing as obligation—if you *ought* to do certain things, then there must be freedom. I cannot prove freedom. It is something that I must assume. In the second place, Person-

ality—or, what we may call, for lack of a better term, Soul. I do not know what it looks like, or where it dwells, or what sort of a being it is, any more than Huxley did. I do not pretend to know. All I say is, if we are responsible, then there must be something that is responsible; some definite, central ego. It cannot be true that I am a mere series of ripples on the stream—that I am merely a sequence of states of consciousness. A series of ripples on a stream, a sequence of states of consciousness, cannot be responsible. There must be something permanent that is responsible. So I should say that Soul, Personality, is one of the assumptions. And then, last of all: the moral ideal will be realized; that is really the foundation stone of all religion. Huxley cuts that off. He says, "No, we have no proof. You cannot demonstrate it by any evidence; you cannot give any hope, any outlook, of that kind—that the highest moral ideals of the human race are to be realized." Assuredly I cannot prove it. I can give no inductive evidence. But the Moral Ideal ought to be; a Perfect Society ought to be; and if it is true that what ought to be, can be; then, on the same ground that I, personally, can do what I ought to do—the moral ideal must be conceived of as capable of realization.

A Free Will; Soul, or Personality; an outlook on fulfillment—not on earth—I know not where. These are to me the pre-suppositions, which I assume, for the sake of ethics, as Huxley assumes the indestructibility of matter, and the conservation of energy, for the sake of science. Huxley, however, cuts himself off from any such assumptions; and why? Because he takes the ground that morality is the product of evolution in the past; that it is the

product of certain feelings, viz., the feeling of consanguinous affection; the feeling of sympathy, and certain other æsthetic feelings. He does not admit that it involves spiritual pre-suppositions, he thinks he can explain it as the product of natural causes. Now, friends, here is a point that I beg you to ponder. The whole question to-day—the burning question—is whether that be true: whether one can explain the phenomena of morality; the horrors of remorse; the self-sacrifice of the martyr; the awe, the reverence, that are felt in the presence of the moral command; the nameless sublimity that attaches in the human mind to the law of Duty—whether one can explain these as the result of physical or quasi-physical causes, or whether they cannot so be explained. There is no other question that begins to equal this in importance. It is the question of all questions. Science cannot give us a religion. Science cannot establish moral idealism. Science cannot even approximately attain to the spiritual truths. The old methods of establishing them by revelation, by belief in Biblical authority, have also failed. There is only one means left; if, namely, it can be shown that the moral life has spiritual implications, that it is necessary to assume (not necessary to verify—necessary to assume) such suppositions for the sake of ethics, as those others are assumed for the sake of science. If you take this view, then the path for you is clear. If you do not, then you must walk the way of Huxley; and what the way was which he walked, I shall presently, in closing my remarks, more clearly describe.

There are many burning questions now: the social question, the labor question, the woman's question, the question of political reform; but they all dwindle into insignificance.

nificance compared with this question: Does morality imply spiritual pre-suppositions or not? Can it be explained by what are called natural causes, or not? You know what my position is. Huxley says the moral rules are intended for the preservation of society. I say that no society that exists is so august and worthy of reverence that I should feel bound to obey the moral rules for the sake of preserving that society; that, on the contrary, we human beings are called upon sometimes to sacrifice the interests of what is called the whole; that is, of the generation that exists, for the sake of the next; and of the next, for the sake of the following; and of that generation for some future generation, and so on indefinitely. The moral rules are not rules for the preservation of society. They are architectural rules for the building-up of a perfect society such as nowhere yet exists, such as can only be realized under conditions which transcend experience. And so it is evident that I must say I am not an Agnostic, in Huxley's sense. He says, of the spiritual truths, that in regard to them, our attitude should simply be, "I do not know." My own view is that, of course, we do not know them in the sense in which we know that this table exists, or in the sense in which I know that I am speaking to you now, and looking into your faces. I cannot see the spiritual realities; I cannot touch them; I cannot know them in that palpable sense. But in a sense analogous to that in which Huxley knows the conservation of energy, I know there is Freedom, I know there is Personality, and I know there is a tendency in things that makes for Righteousness.

But to return to my label. What label shall I use? If I were to assume a name, or to coin a name that would,

perhaps, fairly express my position, I should call myself a Moral Perfectionist, meaning thereby, one who believes moral perfection to be attainable, and that the effort toward it is salvation—is the way of life. But I have never proposed that this Society should call itself a Society of Perfectionists. I have said Ethical Culture; and why? Because, to me, it seems that we should try to walk in the way, and to win as many of our brothers and sisters as possible to walk in the way; try to acquaint ourselves at first hand with the facts of the moral life, and trust to time and experience to make clear the implications of those facts. I have never had the ambition to become the founder of a sect. I say: Let us live the life: that is all. And I think that our course in this respect is safer than that of Huxley, because Huxley commends the moral life, but adds his anti-theistic explanation of it; just as the theologians commend the moral life, and add their theological explanation of it; while our position is, simply: let us lead the life, and let explanations and implications take care of themselves. They will take care of themselves. The Ethical Culture movement is bound, in time, to act not only upon men's conduct, but to react upon their opinions, to assist in giving them a new "Weltanschauung"; but these things cannot be forced or anticipated. We want perfect freedom: perfect freedom to explain the implications of the moral life, either in the theological fashion, or in Huxley's fashion, or in some other fashion. We do not wish to wrangle. What unites us is the passion for the Good—the longing to lead the better life. Indeed, the fact that Huxley succeeded in getting his label, seems to me to show that, after all, there was in him the sectarian spirit; and as long

as I shall not succeed in getting a label, I think I am fairly safe, and likely to remain free from the sectarian spirit.

And now, finally, a few words about the Romanes lecture, with which his career practically closed. It was a memorable address. In that same Oxford, in which Bishop Wilberforce had asked him if he were descended from an ape on his grandmother's, or his grandfather's side—in that same Oxford, he was received with all the honors which the university could confer. The hall (which those of you who have been in Oxford will remember) was crowded to its utmost capacity, with a distinguished audience. The reporters of the world's press were ready to transmit the utterances of the schoolmaster's son, Thomas Henry Huxley, as if they had been the utterances of some great political leader. What did he say? Standing on his watch-tower of science, and seeing the things which it was possible to see from just that point of view, what did he see? He saw the cosmic process and the ethical process at war with each other. He said, "It is not true that evolution is ethical. The principle of evolution, on the contrary, is non-ethical; and, in its effect, anti-ethical. The cosmic process works in the living world, generally, by means of the struggle for existence. The whole aim and object of the ethical process is to curb the struggle for existence—to put self-restraint on men; to cause them to curb self-assertion, to practice mercy and justice and piety towards their fellow-beings, to care more for the interests of the whole than for their private interests. Such is the ethical process, but the cosmical process works with the struggle for existence as its bloody and ruthless tool. And what

is the outlook? The outlook is that the cosmical process, which tolerates the ethical process for a time, in the end will vanquish it.

From his watch-tower of science, what does he see? He sees human life like a little garden patch in a wilderness of weeds. Humanity, the gardener, has erected fences around this patch, and has extirpated the weeds. And for a time, trees and shrubs, plants and flowers will bloom therein. But after a while the strength of the gardener must relax, the fences will break down, the weeds will once more over-run the garden and all traces of its beauty will disappear. From his watch-tower of science, what does he see? The weeds over-running the garden; the wilderness over-running the patch that was cultivated; the cosmic process wiping out all traces of the ethical.

From his watch-tower of science, what does he see? Human life like a green oasis in the midst of a desert of sand; and presently a simoon rises, and whirls the sand along, and carries it over the oasis, and buries the oasis in the sand.

From his watch-tower of science, what does he see? He sees Humanity, like a goodly ship, swimming the sea for a time, spreading its white sails, bounding along its course; but there is no port—no port toward which it sails; and, after a time, the crew will sicken and die, and their skeletons will lie upon the deck, and the ship will rot and become a blackened mass, and will float at last a wretched derelict on the reckless waves. The time will come, so far as probability and science indicate, when this world of ours which has taken the upward course, will take the downward course: life will become extinct, ice

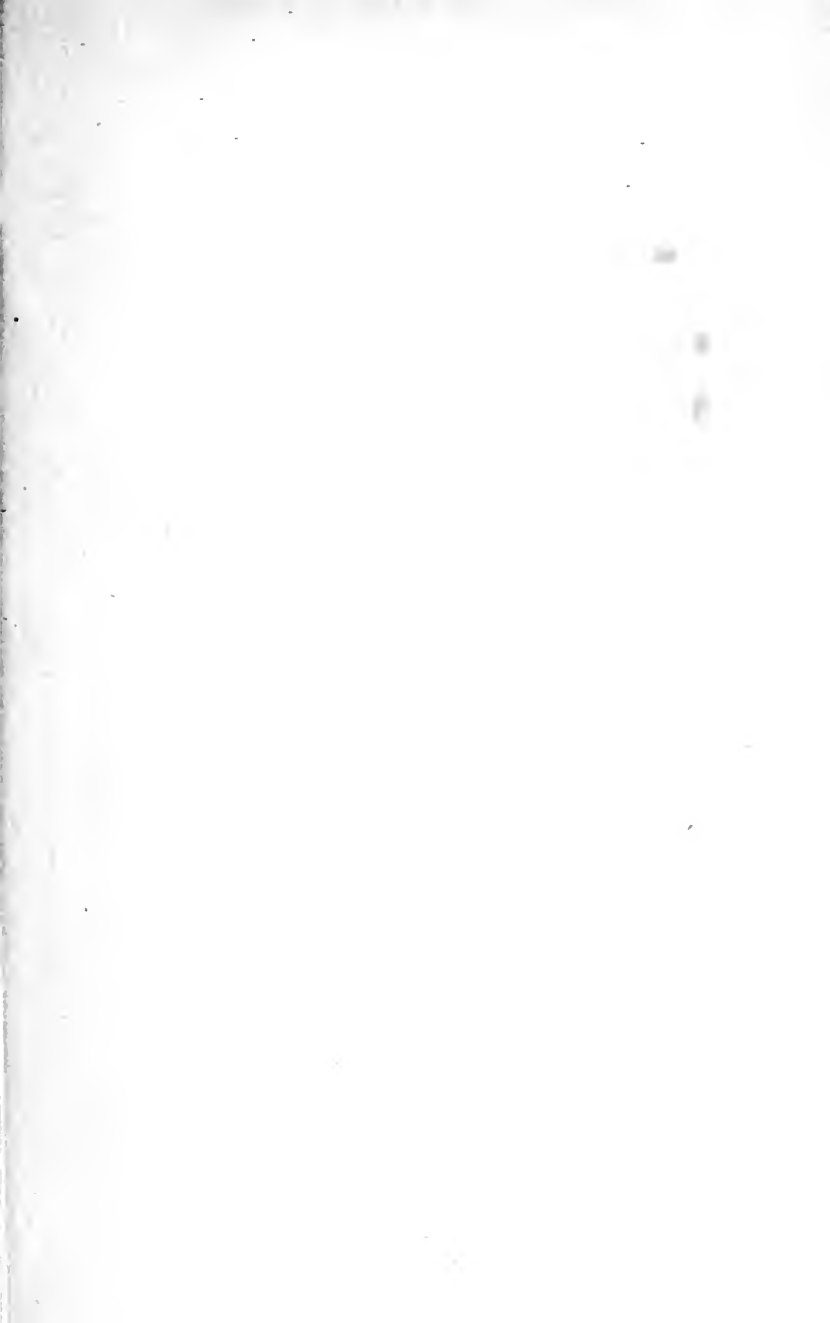
and death will wrap our planet; the cosmic process will triumph; the ethical life that was lived here will be obliterated. Such is Huxley's last word. He says that Humanity must be taught to see the ugly side of things—to face reality. Face it! He does not pretend that he is without terror at what lies concealed under the veil of Isis; but he says, "Remove the veil! Let us see the reality, however frightful it may be. We must teach ourselves to look at the Facts!"

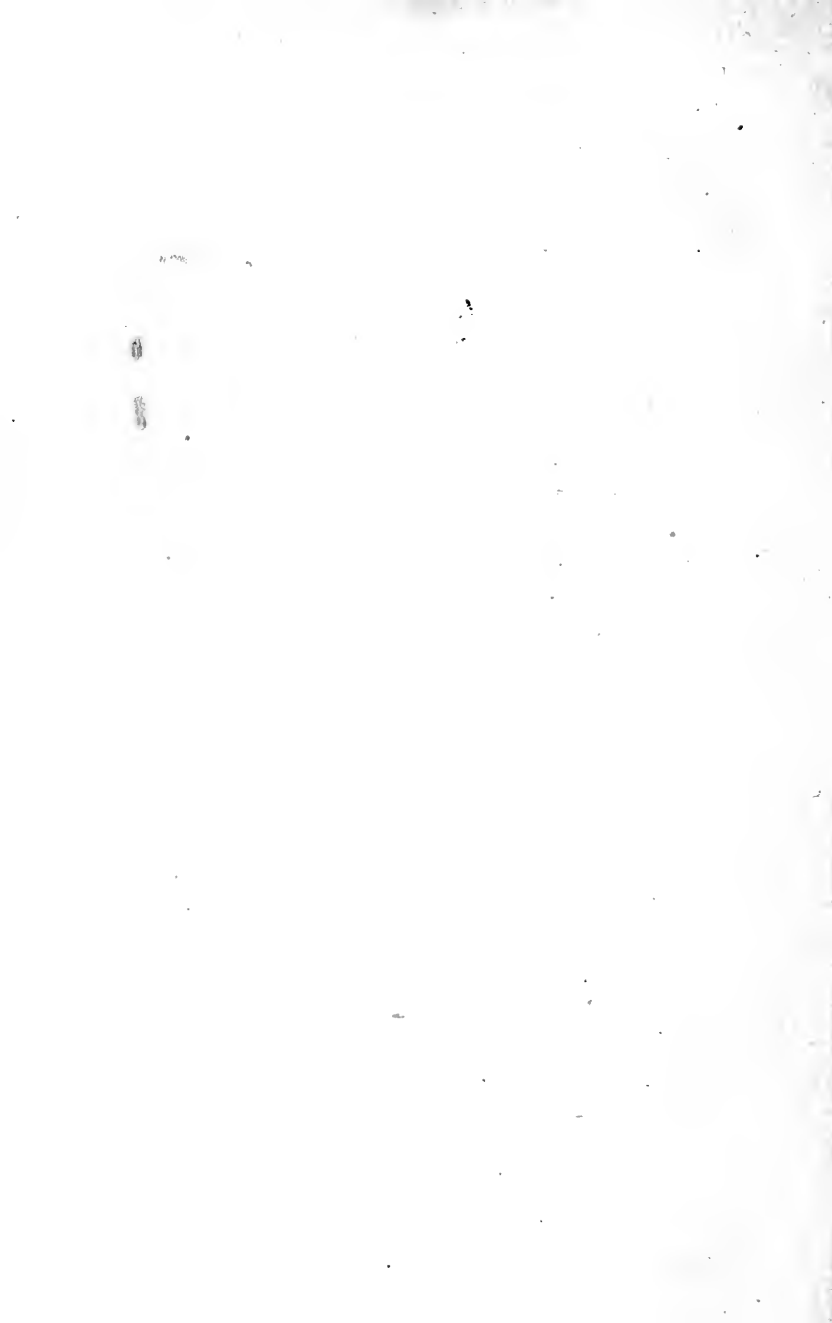
To those who have been educated in idealism, a view like Huxley's built up on the consciousness that this is the ultimate truth of things—that this is the sole outlook—seems almost incomprehensible. And what is his plan of living? The plan of living, for him, is a noble one, because his was a noble nature. Life is shot with pain. There is joy; there is a certain loveliness in nature; but there is also inevitable sorrow and suffering. Whether we shall have more suffering, or more joy, is a matter which we cannot control. We are exposed to the action of the laws. Let us, therefore, be prepared; let us not set our hearts upon happiness; let us not make the escape from pain our object. Let us take things as they come—the good and the evil! What then shall we set our hearts upon? "On making things better—better." But can things be made better? Pain may increase in quantity and in intensity as we ascend the scale of life. The possibility is, therefore, that further evolution will still more increase the quantity and intensity of pain. "Never mind Pain," he says. These exquisite pains will be set off, to some extent, perhaps, by exquisite joys. We cannot tell; we cannot know. The one thing that we can do, is to try and raise the standard of life for our fellows,

to live in the light, while there is light. The night is behind us, and there, ahead—though it may be millions of years (but in the infinity of time what are these millions of years but as moments) there ahead, the Night awaits us. Darkness behind; darkness in front. Live in the light while there is light. Make things better! He believes in the better, but he does not believe in the Best. An ideal world, the realization of a moral ideal, he has confidence in as little as he has in immortality.

He has spoken as an earnest truth-seeker, and also as an earnest truth-speaker; for he spoke out what he believed. We owe him thanks for that, and honor; but has he said the satisfying word? Is it likely that mankind will consent to stop where he stopped, is it likely that the world can live on such bread of science as he offers, steeped in the bitter water of what, if it be not pessimism is the next thing to it? Huxley, the champion of the science of the Victorian age, has passed away. Already there are signs that a new attitude is being taken by certain men of science, of which Prof. Lodge's recent article is an indication. Science will have its weighty word to say; but let us remember that beyond its boundaries is a region in which also Truth may be found, though it be another kind of truth. The moral nature of man—that is our only hope. That is our best, our only ground of faith. All the attempts of the philosophers and creed-makers, to prove on other grounds, the doctrines of the spiritual life, have utterly failed. The moral life—the moral nature, is our only hope; but it offers us a great hope. It is that fount from which the best religions in the world have sprung. Hebraism sprang from it. Christianity, in its noblest aspects, derived its strength from

the interpretation it supplied of man's moral aspirations. Let us go back to that source. It is the only source. Let us purify it, and deepen it—begin by doing so in ourselves; and out of that fountain-head, we may believe, will come a new outpouring of religious hope and trust.





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